

THE SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE:


A COLLECTION OF MUSIC FOR

SINGING-SCHOOLS AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

EDITED BY

A. J. SHOWALTER and ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

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THE
SINGING SCHOOL TRIBUTE.

A

→*COLLECTION+OF+MUSIC*←

FOR

✽Singing-schools, ✽Conventions, ✽Choirs, and ✽Musical ✽Societies:

WITH

✽RUDIMENTS+OF+MUSIC.✽

BY

Anthony J. Showalter and Aldine S. Kieffer.

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PREFACE.

THE object of the age is to simplify science. The energies of the brightest and most powerful minds are thus engaged to-day.

We point with pride to the results attained by the Character Note system of notation. It has given us congregational singing in the church, and social singing in the class and at home. It has opened the *locked door* to a noble and heavenly science. Tens of thousands are singing to-day who without it would be voiceless. It has yielded the greatest results. It is making America a nation of singers. It is an American plant, watered in its native soil, and cannot be uprooted. Other systems for other countries, if it must be so; but Character Notes are the peculiar pride of America, and are enshrined in the hearts of its people.

The flush of the morning is here, and the signs in the sky are harbingers of an era of universal song in an universal notation.

THE SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE is another offering to the singing public. It asks a place on its own merits, and solicits a thorough examination.

The editors return thanks to J. H. Tenney, J. H. Rosecrans, E. O. Lyte and George Baker for the permission to use some of their copyright music; and their thanks are also due many others whose names will be found appended to their respective compositions.

A. J. SHOWALTER,

A. S. KIEFFER.

AUGUST, 1880.

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.



CHAPTER I.

ANALYSIS OF TONES.

1. A musical sound is called a TONE.

2. An analysis of tones will make it apparent that certain differences naturally exist between them, giving rise to the following distinctions: they may be—

- i. LOW or HIGH.
- ii. LONG or SHORT.
- iii. LOUD or SOFT.

3. Hence, tones have three properties, all of which are necessary to their existence. These are—

- i. PITCH.
- ii. LENGTH.
- iii. POWER.

4. From this fact comes the customary division of the elements of music into three departments:—

- i. That which treats of the *pitch* of tones :—MELODICS.
- ii. That which treats of the *length* of tones :—RHYTHMICS.
- iii. That which treats of the *power* of tones :—DYNAMICS.

CHAPTER II.

MELODICS.

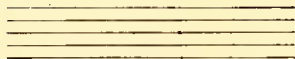
- 5. Tones are combined in a certain series consisting of eight.
- 6. This series of eight tones is called the SCALE.
- 7. The tones of the scale are named by the *numeral names*—
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, EIGHT.

8. In elementary instruction, especially as an aid to those who are beginning to learn to sing in classes, the following *syllables* are used in connection with the tones of the scale, for the purpose of suggesting relative pitch:—

Written DO, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, DO. Pronounced DOE, RAY, MEE, FAH, SOLE, LAH, SEE, DOE.

9. The scale is represented to the eye by a character consisting of *five lines* and *four spaces*, called the STAFF.

MUSICAL STAFF.



10. Each line and each space of the staff is called a DEGREE.

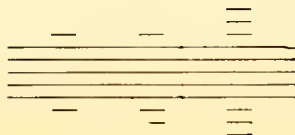
11. The staff contains nine degrees, counted upwards from the lowest.

12. The compass of the staff may be extended by using the spaces above and below, and also additional lines and spaces.

13. The additional lines are called ADDED LINES.

14. The additional spaces are called SPACES ABOVE, or SPACES BELOW.

STAFF WITH ADDED LINES ABOVE AND BELOW.



15. Tones are indicated on the staff by characters, called NOTES.

16. In the Seven-Character-Note System of Notation, the tones are more readily indicated by notes of different shapes for the different tones.

17. Tones may be added above and below the scale, as far as the ear is capable of distinguishing them.

18. EIGHT of the lower scale is ONE of the next scale above, and *vice versa*.

CHAPTER III.

MELODICS.

19. Abstract pitch, or that which is independent of scale relationship, is called ABSOLUTE PITCH.

20. The names employed to indicate the absolute pitch of tones are the first seven letters of the alphabet—

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

21. The MODEL or STANDARD SCALE—by which is meant the first in the order of classification—is based upon the pitch C; or C is taken as *one*, and the order of tones is as follows:—C is *one*, D is *two*, E is *three*, F is *four*, G is *five*, A is *six*, B is *seven*, C is *eight*.

22. There are two positions in which the scale is most commonly written upon the staff:—First, the tone ONE being represented on the *first added line* below. Second, the tone ONE being represented on the *second space*.

23. To give the tones a fixed position upon the staff, certain letters indicating absolute pitch are used, and when thus used are called CLEFS.

24. The letters most commonly used as clefs are G and F.

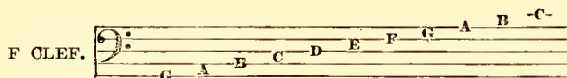
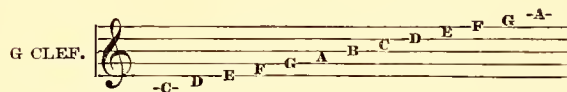
25. The G CLEF is placed upon the *second line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be G; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *first added line below*.

26. The F CLEF is placed upon the *fourth line*, and determines the pitch of that line to be F; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *second space*.

27. The letter C is also used as a clef, and when thus used it is applied to different degrees of the staff.

28. In this work the C CLEF is placed upon the *third space*, and determines the pitch of that space to be C; consequently C—ONE of the C scale—must be represented by the *first added line below*.

It will be seen that the C CLEF fixes the letters upon the staff in the same order as the G CLEF; but it indicates the tones an octave—eight degrees—lower, and enables the Tenor to be more readily distinguished.

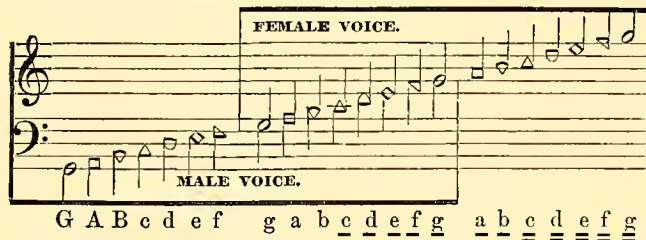


CHAPTER IV.

MELODICS.

29. The whole compass of tones appreciable by the human ear consists of about nine octaves, about one third of which is within the range of the human voice.

30. The tones of the different octaves, denoted by the same letters, are designated by capitals and small letters, together with marks below or above them. Thus :—



Example illustrating the usual compass of the different classes of voices, with the use of the clefs, and the relation of the different parts.



CHAPTER V. RHYTHMICS.

34. The relative length of tones is measured by a division of time into small equal portions.

31. The human voice is naturally divided into four classes ;
- Low male voices—BASE.
 - High male voices—TENOR.
 - Low female voices—ALTO.
 - High female voices—SOPRANO or TREBLE.

32. The G Clef, also called Treble Clef, is used for Soprano and Alto, and often for Tenor. When used for Tenor it denotes small g instead of one marked small g, as when used for Soprano or Alto.

33. The F Clef, also called Base Clef, is used for Base, and often for Tenor. It is used for Tenor when the Base and Tenor are written on the same staff.

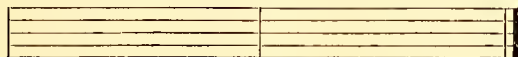
35. The small portions into which time is divided are called MEASURES.

36. Measures are subdivided into smaller portions called PULSES or BEATS, or PARTS of MEASURES.

37. Measures may be of longer or shorter duration ; they have no absolute length.

38. Measures are represented to the eye by space between *vertical lines*, called **BARs**. Thus:—

BAR. MEASURE. BAR. MEASURE. DOUBLE-BAR.



The Double-Bar is used to indicate the end of an exercise, or of a phrase in music, or of a line in poetry.

39. Measures and their subdivisions may be indicated by any regular recurring motions or sounds.

40. There are two methods most commonly used : first, *to the ear*, by counting ; second, *to the eye*, by motions of the hand called **BEATING TIME**. Each motion of the hand is called a **BEAT**.

41. A measure having *two parts* is called **DOUBLE MEASURE**.

42. The first part of a double measure should be accented ; the second, unaccented.

43. Double Measure is indicated by counting *one, two* ; or by two motions of the hand : *down, up*.

44. A measure having *three parts* is called *triple measure*.

45. The first part of a Triple Measure should be accented ; the second and third, unaccented.

46. Triple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three* ; or by three motions of the hands : *down, left, up*.

47. A measure having *four parts* is called *quadruple measure*.

48. The first and third parts of a quadruple measure should be accented ; the second and fourth, unaccented.

49. Quadruple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four* ; or by four motions of the hand : *down, left, right, up*.

50. A measure having *six parts* is called *sextuple measure*.

51. The first and fourth parts of a Sextuple Measure should be accented ; the second, third, fifth and sixth, unaccented.

52. Sextuple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four, five, six* ; or by six motions of the hand : **DOWN, left, left, RIGHT, up, up**.

53. Sextuple Measure is also called *compound double measure*, and is indicated by counting *one, two* ; or by two motions of the hand : *down, up*,—comprehending three parts to each count or beat.

54. A measure having *nine parts* is called *compound triple measure*.

55. A Compound Triple Measure should be accented upon the first, fourth and seventh parts.

56. Compound Triple Measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three*; or by three motions of the hand: *down, left, up*,—comprehending three parts to each count or beat.

57. A measure having *twelve parts* is called *compound quadruple measure*.

58. Compound quadruple measure should be accented upon the first, fourth, seventh and tenth parts.

59. Compound quadruple measure is indicated by counting *one, two, three, four*; or by four motions of the hand: *down, left, right, up*,—comprehending three beats to each count or beat.

CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHMICS.

60. In addition to what has been said of notes (15), they are used to represent the relative length of tones.

61. The relative value of notes is indicated by their names, which are as follow :—whole note, half note, quarter note, eighth note, sixteenth note, and thirty-second note.

62. A part of a measure, a measure, or more than a measure, may be passed over in silence; and this is called *RESTING*.

63. Resting is indicated by characters called *RESTS*.

64. The relative length of rests is indicated by their names, which are as follow :—whole rest, half rest, quarter rest, eighth rest, sixteenth rest, and thirty-second rest.

NOTES AND RESTS.




65. The length of a note or rest is increased *one-half* by the addition of a *DOT*. For instance a dotted whole is equal to three halves, etc.


66. When a second dot is added, the increase of valuation amounts to *one half* the value of the first dot, or *one fourth* of the note without any dot.

67. Figures are sometimes placed over notes to reduce their value. Thus, the figure 3 placed over three notes shows that their value is so reduced that the three are to be sung in the time of two.


69. The combination of three notes with the figure 3 placed above or below them is called a **TRIPLET**.

68. Figures placed at the beginning of a musical composition indicate the *kind* and variety of measure in which the piece is written.

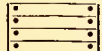
70. The upper figure shows *number of parts* in the measure, and the lower figure shows the *kind of note* that belongs to each part. Thus the figures  show that it requires *two quarter notes*, or their corresponding value, to fill the measure.

71. The **SLUR**  indicates that all the tones over which it is placed are to be sung to one word or syllable.


72. **SYNOPATION** is changing the accent from an accented part of the measure to an unaccented one.

73. Four dots placed on the staff, thus— is called a **REPEAT**, and shows that the preceding passage is to be repeated.


74. Where only part of the passage is to be repeated it is indicated

thus:—

A

75. When a tone is to be prolonged beyond the time indicated by the note by which it is represented, such prolongation is indicated by a **HOLD** .

76. **DA CAPO**, or **D.C.**, indicates a repetition of the first part.

77. **DAL SEGNO**, or **D.S.**, indicates a repetition from the **SIGN** .

78. The place to end after a **D.C.**, or a **D.S.**, is indicated by the word **FINE**; and often by the hold placed over a double bar.

CHAPTER VII.

MELODICS.

79. The difference of pitch between two tones is called an **INTERVAL**. Thus the difference of pitch between *one* and *two* is an interval.

80. In the regular succession of the tones of the scale, there are two kinds of intervals: the longer, called **STEPS**; and the smaller, called **HALF-STEPS**.

81. The half-step intervals occur between *three* and *four*, and *seven* and *eight*.

82. Between those tones of the scale which form the interval of a step, an intermediate tone may be introduced: thus, an intermediate tone may be introduced between *one* and *two*, *two* and *three*, *four* and *five*, *five* and *six*, and *six* and *seven*.

83. An intermediate tone is named from either of the two scale-tones between which it occurs, with addition of either the word sharp or flat prefixed or suffixed. Thus, the intermediate tone between *one* and *two*, with respect to relative pitch, is named SHARP-ONE or FLAT-TWO, and with respect to absolute pitch C SHARP or D FLAT. The same principle is applied to the naming of all the other intermediate tones.

84. An intermediate tone is represented by the same degree of the staff as is the scale-tone from which it is named, modified by a SHARP \sharp , FLAT \flat , or NATURAL \natural .

85. A sharp causes a degree to represent a tone a half-step higher than it does without the sharp.

86. A flat makes a degree represent a tone a half-step lower than it does without the flat.

87. A natural cancels the effect of a sharp or flat.

88. Sharps and flats continue their significance throughout the measure in which they occur.

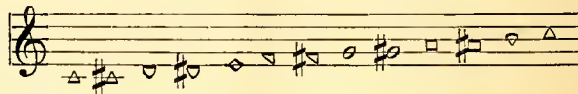
89. The intermediate tones are called CHROMATIC TONES.

90. The other tones are called DIATONIC TONES.

91. The scale composed of the diatonic tones only, is called the DIATONIC SCALE.

92. The scale composed of thirteen tones including the eight diatonic tones and the five chromatic tones is called the CHROMATIC SCALE.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.

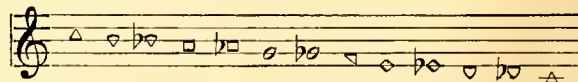


SCALE	{	SHARP	SHARP	SHARP	SHARP	SHARP
NAMES.	{	ONE, ONE,TWO,TWO,THREE,FOUR,FOUR,FIVE,FIVE, SIX, SIX SEVEN,EIGHT.				

PITCH NAMES.	C,	C \sharp ,	D,	D \sharp ,	E,	F,	F \sharp ,	G,	G \sharp ,	A,	A \sharp ,	B,
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SYLLABLES.	DO,	DI,	RE,	RI,	MI,	FA,	FI,	SOL,	SI,	LA,	LI,	SI,	DO.
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CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



SCALE	{	FLAT	FLAT	FLAT	FLAT	FLAT
NAMES.	{	EIGHT, SEVEN, SEVEN SIX, SIX, FIVE, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, THREE, TWO, TWO, ONE.				

PITCH NAMES.	C,	B,	B \flat ,	A,	A \flat ,	G,	G \flat ,	F,	E,	E \flat ,	D,	D \flat ,	C.
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SYLLABLES.	DO,	SI,	SE,	LA,	LE,	SOL,	SE,	FA,	MI,	ME,	RE,	RA,	DO.
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CHAPTER VIII.

MELODICS.

93. In addition to the regular intervals called steps and half-steps, there are other intervals made by skipping, as SECONDS, THIRDS, FOURTHS, etc.

94. These names are derived from the manner in which the intervals are represented on the staff.

95. An interval that in its representation embraces two adjoining degrees of the staff is called a SECOND ; three degrees, a THIRD ; four degrees, a FOURTH ; five degrees, a FIFTH ; six degrees, a SIXTH ; seven degrees, a SEVENTH ; and eight degrees, an OCTAVE.

96. A second that is equal to a *half-step* is a MINOR SECOND.

97. A second that is equal to a *step* is a MAJOR SECOND.

98. A third that is equal to *one step* and *one half-step* is a MINOR THIRD.

99. A third that is equal to *two steps* is a MAJOR THIRD.

100. A fourth that is equal to *two steps* and *one half-step* is a PERFECT FOURTH.

101. A fourth that is equal to *three steps* is a SHARP FOURTH.

102. A fifth that is equal to *two steps* and *two half-steps* is a FLAT FIFTH.

103. A fifth that is equal to *three steps* and *one half-step* is a PERFECT FIFTH.

104. A sixth that is equal to *three steps* and *two half-steps* is a MINOR SIXTH.

105. A sixth that is equal to *four steps* and *one half-step* is a MAJOR SIXTH.

106. A seventh that is equal to *four steps* and *two half-steps* is a MINOR SEVENTH.

107. A seventh that is equal to *five steps* and *one half-step* is a MAJOR SEVENTH.

108. An OCTAVE is equal to *five steps* and *two half-steps*.

CHAPTER IX.

MELODICS.

109. In the treatment of the scale thus far the pitch c has always been taken as *one* ; but this may be changed and any other pitch may be taken as *one*. Such a change is called TRANSPOSITION.

110. In transposing the scale the proper order of intervals must be preserved.

111. This is done by omitting certain tones of the old key, and adapting in their place certain intermediate tones as members of the new key.

112. The natural order of transposing the scale is that which requires the change of but one tone with each transposition.

113. There are two ways by which this is done. First, by fifths,—that is by taking *five* of the old key for the key-note of the new key. Second, by fourths,—that is by taking *four* of the old key for the key-note of the new key.

114. In transposing by fifths, *four* of the old key is omitted, and *sharp-four* adopted in its place; *sharp-four* becoming *seven* of the new key.

115. In transposing by fourths, *seven* of the old key is omitted, and *flat-seven* adopted in its place; *flat-seven* becoming *four* of the new key.

116. The intermediate tone required in transposition is called **THE TONE OF TRANSPOSITION**.

117. In transposing by fifths, *sharp-four* is the tone of transposition. Hence formula,—“*Sharp-four transposes the scale a fifth.*”

118. In transposing by fourths, *flat-seven* is the tone of transposition. Hence the formula,—“*Flat-seven transposes the scale a fourth.*”

119. The sharps and flats necessary in the different keys are placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, and thus becomes the **SIGNATURE** (sign) of the key.

TABLE SHOWING THE DIFFERENT KEYS WITH THEIR SIGNATURES.



CHAPTER X.

MELODICS.

120. In addition to the scale already explained, there is another scale differing from that in the order of its intervals called the MINOR SCALE.

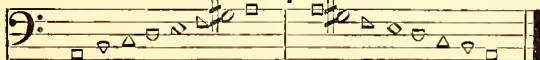
121. The scale which has already been explained (Chapter II.) is called the MAJOR SCALE.

122. Unlike the major scale, the minor scale has different forms. The forms most commonly used are here represented and named.

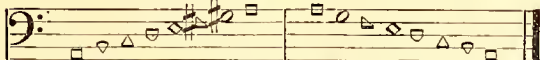
NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



123. The distinguishing feature of Major and Minor scales is the third. The Major scale is known by its *major third*, and the Minor by its *minor third*.

CHAPTER XI.

MELODICS.

124. Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, are sometimes introduced into music, called PASSING TONES.

125. Passing tones are sometimes, though not always, represented by notes of smaller size than those in which music is mostly written.

126. A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of the measure is called an APPOGGIATURA.

APPOGGIATURA.

WRITTEN.

PERFORMED.

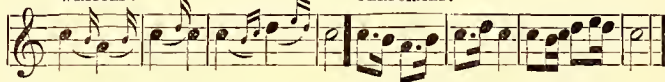


127. A passing tone that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of the measure is called an AFTER TONE.

AFTER TONE.

WRITTEN.

PERFORMED.



128. A rapid alteration of a tone with the one next above it, is called a TRILL.

TRILL.

tr WRITTEN.

PERFORMED.

OR



129. A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it, is called a TURN.

TURN.



CHAPTER XII.

DYNAMICS.


130. A tone of medium force is called **MEZZO** (pronounced met-zo): it is indicated by the abbreviation *mez.*, or by its initial, *m.*


131. A tone somewhat softer than mezzo is called **PIANO** (pee-ah-no), and is indicated by *piano*, *pia.*, or *p.*


132. A tone somewhat softer than piano, or a very soft tone is called **PIANISSIMO** (pee-ab-niss-i-mo), and is indicated by *pp.*


133. A tone somewhat louder than mezzo, or a loud tone is called **FORTE** (four-tay), and is indicated by *forte*, *for.*, or *f.*


134. A tone somewhat louder than forte, or a very loud tone is called **FORTISSIMO** (four-tiss-e-mo), and is indicated by *ff.*

135. A tone commenced, continued, and ended with an equal degree of force, is called an **ORGAN TONE**, and is indicated by two parallel lines, thus .


136. A tone gradually increasing or growing louder, is called **CRESCENDO** (cre-sben-do), and is indicated by *res.*, or by two divergent lines, thus .

137. A tone gradually diminishing or growing softer, is called **DIMINUENDO** (dim-in-ou-en-do), and is indicated by *dim.*, or by two convergent lines, thus .

138. A union of crescendo and diminuendo is called the **SWELL**, and is indicated by the union of the divergent and convergent lines, thus .

139. A very sudden crescendo or swell is called **PRESSURE TONE**, and is indicated thus .

140. A tone which is produced very forcibly, and instantly diminished is called the **SFORTZANDO** (sfort-zan-do), and is indicated thus $>$, or by *sf.*, or *fz.*

141. Where successive tones are produced in a smooth, connected manner, they are said to be **LEGATO** (lay-ga-to). The legato is indicated by the term *legato*, or by a curved line, thus .

142. When tones are produced in a short, detached, or disconnected manner they are said to be **STACCATO** (sta-kar-to). Staccato is indicated by points, thus $\cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$.

143. A medium between the legato and the staccato, is called **HALF STACCATO**, and is indicated by dots, thus $\cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$.

144. Finally, the notation which represents to the eye a piece of music with its *tempo* marks, its lights and shades, and its melodic, harmonic, and rhythmical design, is only the skeleton of the musical subject. It remains for the singer to breathe life into it, and make it a living reality which shall lift upward his own heart and those of his bearers. So shall he produce the effect for which music is designed, and for which it is so admirably adapted.

The
SINGING-SCHOOL TRIBUTE.



GREETING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Wel - come, welcome, one and all, To this mer - ry fes - tal hall; Sing - ing songs of mer - ry glee, We are hap - py, glad and free.

2 Sing - ing, sing - ing all day long, Now this tune, and now this song; Mu - sic ring - ing, clear and sweet, Thro' the halls where'er we meet.

3 Oh, the joy of mu - sic sweet, When to - geth - er friends we greet: Care is banished from the place; Gladness beams in ev' - ry face.

WE'RE A HAPPY VOCAL BAND.

By per. E. D. KECK.

1 We're a hap - py vo - cal band, All u - nit - ed, heart and hand; Sing - ing light - ly, glad and free, Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py we.

2 Mer - ry, mer - ry all the day, Quick - ly flies the time a - way; Sing - ing morn - ing, noon and eve, Hav - ing not the time to grieve.

3 Care is ban - ished from the mind; All our sor - rows left be - hind. Dancing eyes are spark - ling bright; Fa - ces beam - ing with de - light.

MAKING HAY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 The East is ro - sy with the day, The misty shad - ows float a - way; And down a - mong the corn, I hear, The quails are pi - ping loud and clear.

2 With steady stroke and elanging peal, The mowers whet the gleaming steel; And fast he - fore the swinging blade In fragrant swaths the grass is laid.

3 No speck is on the shin - ing blue; The thirsty sun drinks up the dew; While far and wide, with lus - ty shout, The mowers toss the hay a - bout.

THE QUIET MIND.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

17



1 Though low my lot, my wish is won, My hopes and fears are stayed; All I thought life would do is done; The last re-quest is made.

2 And come what will of care or woe, As some must come to all, I'll wish not that they were not so, Nor mourn that they be-fall.

3 When friends de-part, as part we must, And love's true joys de-cay, That leave us like the sum-mer dust Which whirlwinds puff a-way;



If I have foes, no foes I'll fear; To God I live re-sigued; I have a friend I val-ue here, And that's a qui-et mind.

If tears of sor-row start at will, They're comforts in their kind; And I am blest, if with me still Remains a qui-et mind.

While life's al-lot-ted time I brave, Though left the last be-hind; A prop and friend I still will have If I've a qui-et mind.

SEE THE FLAKES OF FLEECY SNOW.

By per. E. B. MAHAFFEY.

1 See the flakes of fleec - y snow Fall-ing on the whitened earth below; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

2 See the flakes of snow come down; Earth is putting on her roy - al crown; Roy - al, roy - al, roy - al crown, Earth is pnt - ting on her roy - al crown.

3 Let us to the hills a - way; This is not the time at home to stay; Haste we, haste we, haste a - way, Haste we to the hills a - way, a - way.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It is in 4/4 time and the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The first system contains three staves with lyrics. The second system contains two staves with lyrics. The third system contains two staves with lyrics. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, quarter, and half notes, as well as rests.

See the flakes of fleec - y snow Fall-ing on the earth be - low; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

See the flakes of fleec - y snow, Fall-ing on the earth be - low; Fall-ing, fall-ing, fall-ing slow, Fall-ing on the whitened earth be - low.

This section continues the musical score with two systems, each containing two staves. The lyrics are repeated. The musical notation continues with similar note values and rests as the previous section.

MOONLIGHT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

19

1 Moon - light is glan - cing; Star - light is dan - cing: Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful scenes;

2 O - ver the mead - ows, Flit - ting the shad - ows, Gen - tly be - deck - ing our earth - land with light;

Hill - tops and moun - tains, Brook - lets and foun - tains, Glis - ten and spar - kle with sil - ver - y beams.

Peep - ing and hi - ding, Through the clouds gli - ding, Thou art most beau - ti - ful, Queen of the night.

1 Oh, see the snow-y wreaths! they lie Here on the hills, There in the vales; The breeze nor west now clears the sky: Gay-ly we'll go, Gay-ly we'll go.

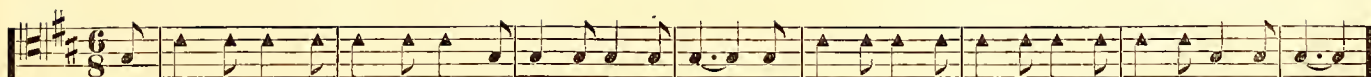
2 Then on the glitt'ring, sparkling snow, Loudly the bells Ring thro' the dells; With breeze nor west we gay - ly go; Bright is the day. Smoothly we fly.

3 Oh, see! each prancer pricks his ears As, on the track, Reining them hack, The drivers homeward ho! he hears: Brightly and gay, Crack and a-way.

Jump in, jump in, with muffling fur; Jack Frost's abroad the blood to stir. O'er slipp'ry snow we brisk-ly go, With jingling bells a glad cheer ho!

Come in, come in, young hearts, a song; With jingling bells we'll fly a-long. The stars are out; the moon is clear: A mer-ry night the heart to cheer

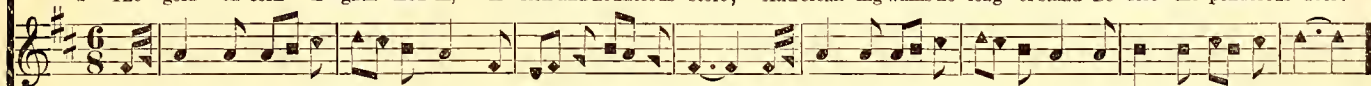
Jump out, jump out, a glad hurrah! The fire burns bright as swings the door. Loved friends we meet with smiles to greet, And then we part: good-night, good-night.



1 The sum-mer flow'rs are fad-ed now; The sum-mer birds have flown; And in the wood the shad-ows lie Where once the sunlight shone;



2 The gold-en corn is gath-ered in,— A rich and hounteous store; And creak-ing wains no long-er stand Be-fore the ponderous door:



3 The scar-let her-ries bright-ly gleam From many a hedge-row-way, Where erst in sum-mer days we plucked The sweetly scent-ed spray:



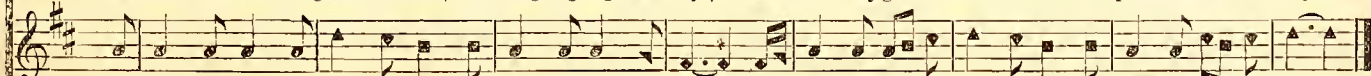
4 So pass the sea-sons, and, like them, Our life has sea-sons too: Spring's ten-der bud, and summer's flow'rs, And autumn's golden hue:



There is no hlos-som on the bough, No per-fume on the breeze; And wail-ing-winds, with mournful tone, Sweep sighing thro' the trees.



Forth from the fields the glean-ers come, With ling'ring step and eye, Lest some stray grain should in their haste Be passed unheed-ed by.



And vil-lage chil-dren, fresh from school, Rush forth with ea-ger feet Where black-her-ries, in tangled dell, Af-ford a luscious treat.



Be ours the task to guide them all Through wisdom's pleasant ways; That blossoms plucked in summer hours May glad-den win-try days!

LIVE TO SOME PURPOSE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1 Live to some pur - pose: your days may be brief; Your life may soon draw to a close: So live that death's summons may

2 Live to some pur - pose: catch time as it flies; For time is a ta - per that burns; A gem of great val - ue, — a

3 Live to some pur - pose: the sun will shine brighter If you faith - ful - ly toil 'neath its beams; Your blood will flow pur - er, your



be a re - lief; Not bring with it dead - li - er woes. Live to some pur - pose; for life was not giv - en To be

rich, float - ing prize: Once de - part - ed, it nev - er re - turns. Live to some pur - pose: God nev - er in - tend - ed A

heart will beat lighter, Your sleep will bring pleas - ant - er dreams. Live to some pur - pose; and when you are dead, When your

squandered a - way at your will: Each act of your life is re - cord - ed in heaven, To an - swer for good or for ill.

man for a slo - ven - ly drone; Let pleasure and toil to - geth - er be blended: They min - gle so sweet - ly in one.

ash - es re - pose in the earth, Age, manhood, and youth will kneel round thy hed, And tell of thy glo - ry and worth.

EVENING.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Come, soft and love - ly eve - ning, Spréad o'er the gras - sy fields; We love the peace - ful feel - ing Thy si - lent com - ing yields.

2 All na - ture now is si - lent, Ex - cept the pass - ing hreeze; And birds their night songs warbling A - mong the dew - y trees.

3 Sweet eve - ning, thou art with us, So tran - quil, mild and still; Thou dost our thankful bo - soms With hum - ble prais - es fill.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

B. C. UNSELD.
From the "Temple Star," by per.

1 Twi-light is steal-ing O - ver the sea; Shad-ows are fall-ing Dark on the lea; Borne on the nightwinds, Voices of yore Come from the far-off shore.

2 Voic-es of loved ones! Songs of the past! Still linger round me, While life shall last: Lonely I wan-der, Sad-ly I roam, Seeking that far-off home.

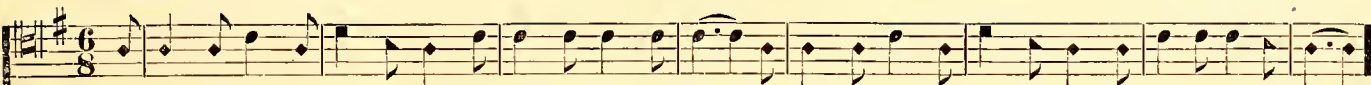
3 Come in the twi-light, Come, come to me! Bringing some message O - ver the sea, Cheering my path-way While here I roam, Seek-ing that far-off home,

CHORUS.

Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!

Far a - way be-yond the star-lit skies, Where the love-light nev-er, nev-er dies, Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,—Sweet, happy home, so bright!



1 Spring with its promised bloom once more, And Sum - mer with its flowers, The Au - tumn with its gold - en store, And Winter's mer - ry hours,—



2 Then let us stud - y well and long Each fair il - lum - ined page, Still cheer - ing by our smile and song, The hours from youth to ' age.



These all have charms for those who read Kind na - ture's book a - right; Their truths if we would on - ly heed, Our whole lives might be bright.



Then quick - ly will the years pass by Till, in a pur - er clime, We dwell beneath a cloud - less sky, Be - yond the flight of time.



1 Hark! hark! the sweet, sweet chim - ing Of mer - ry Christmas bells! Their low, mel - o - dious hymning A won - drous sto - ry tells.

2 To God the high - est, glo - ry! While heavenly arch - es ring, Re - spons - ive to the sto - ry That Ga - bri - el doth sing.

3 And, when the dawn is streak - ing The east - ern sky a - far, They see the morn - ing break - ing From off a new - horn Star!

4 No king - ly crown a - waits him, No robes of Tyr - ian dye, But heavenly choirs his prais - es Are sound - ing through the sky!

Be - neath the stars that glis - ten O'er dis - tant Syr - ian plains, The watch - ing shep - herds lis - ten To clear an - gel - ic strains.

"The peace on earth, whose bless - ing Shall bring good will to men," And in his name pro - gress - ing; Shall fill the world a - gain.

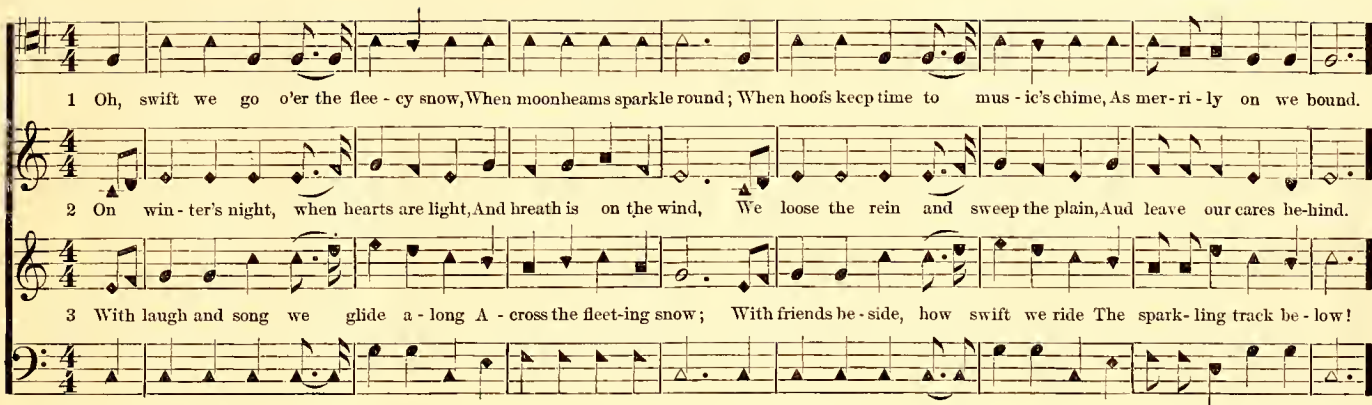
It shines a - bove the man - ger Where - in a babe is born, And for that in - fant stran - ger Arch - an - gels hail the morn.

For Bet - le - hem's low - ly man - ger The King of kings con - tains! And glo - ry! glo - ry, glo - ry! The Lord of all He reigns!

MERRILY ON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

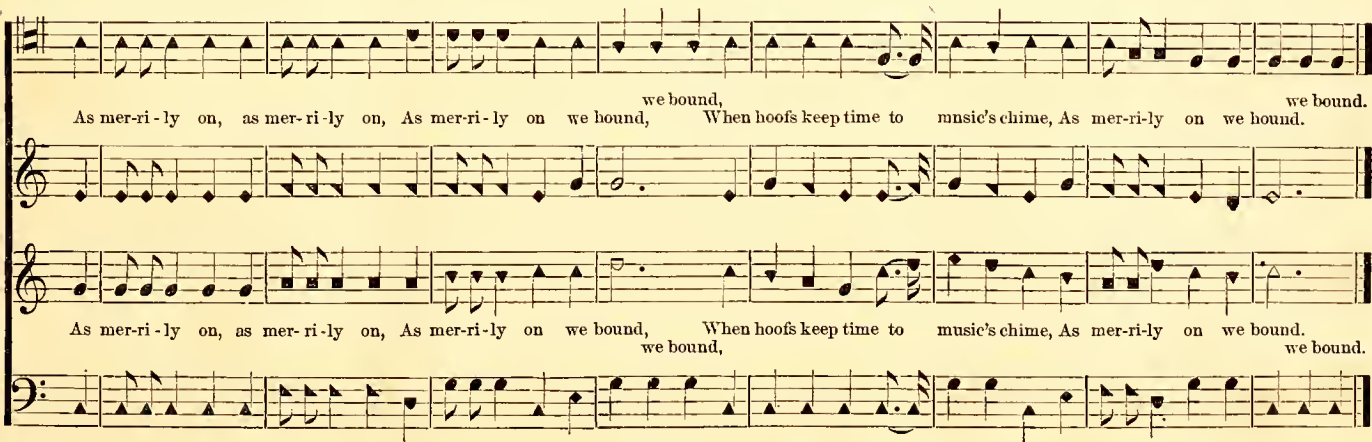
27



1 Oh, swift we go o'er the flee - cy snow, When moonbeams sparkle round; When hoofs keep time to mus - ic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound.

2 On win - ter's night, when hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And leave our cares be - hind.

3 With laugh and song we glide a - long A - cross the fleet - ing snow; With friends be - side, how swift we ride The spark - ling track be - low!



As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound, When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. we bound.

As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, we bound, When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. we bound.

TRIP LIGHTLY.

J. H. LESLIE, by per.

1 Trip light - ly o - ver trou - ble; Trip light - ly o - ver wrong; We on - ly make grief dou - ble By dwell - ing on it long.

2 Trip light - ly o - ver sor - row, Though all the way be dark; The sun may shine to - mor - row, And gay - ly sing the lark;

3 Trip light - ly o - ver sad - ness; Stand not to rail at doom; We've pearls to string of glad - ness On this side of the tomb;

Why clasp woe's hands so tight - ly? Why sigh o'er blos - soms dead? Why long to forms un - sight - ly? Why not seek joy in - stead?

Fair hopes have not de - part - ed, Though ros - es may have fled: Then nev - er be down - heart - ed; But look for joy in - stead.

While stars are night - ly shin - ing, And heaven is o - ver - head, En - cour - age not re - pin - ing; But look for joy in - stead.

TRIP LIGHTLY. Concluded.

29

CHORUS.

Repeat. pp

Trip lightly, trip light-ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip lightly o - ver wrong.

Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip light - ly, trip light - ly, Trip light-ly o - ver wrong.

Trip lightly, trip light-ly, Trip light - ly o - ver trou - hle; Trip lightly, trip lightly, Trip lightly o - ver wrong.

AMERICA.

HANDEL.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.
Maestoso.

1 My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev' - ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

2 My native coun - try, thee - Land of the no - ble free - Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song! Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro - long!

4 Our father's God! to thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God our King!

SOLDIERS, REST!

1 { Sol - diers, rest! we come a - gain From the Southern sun - ny lands, } Strewing flowers round the tomb Where the he - roes, brave, and kind, Rest in death from bat-tle's doom,
 { Come with hearts and vo - cal strain, Pay-ing trib - ute to thy band. }

2 { Sol - diers, rest from bat - tle fray, Where the clash of arms is heard, } On the lone and si - lent grave We will shed the lov - ing tear; And the true, the valiant brave,
 { Thro' the dark and dread - ful day, Send-ing spir - its to their God. }

3 { Sol - diers, rest for - ev - er more With the hap - py an - gel throng, } Let the cho - ral an - them sound Where the gold - en harp is heard, And e - ter - nal joys a - bound,
 { On the bright e - ter - nal shore, Join-ing in ce - les - tial song, }

Leav-ing comrades still be - hind. Sol - diers, rest! Sol - diers, rest! In a home of peace and love; Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more, In the mansions bright a - bove.

Ev - er bold to mem'-ry dear.

In the pres-ence of the Lord. Sol - diers, rest! Sol - diers, rest! In a home of peace and love; Ev - er - more, Ev - er - more, In the mansions bright a - bove.

THE SNOW.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

31

1 In flakes of a feath-er-y white 'Tis fall-ing so gen-tly and slow; Oh, pleasant to me is the sight, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.

2 The earth is all cov-ered to-day With man-tle of ra-di-ant show; It sparkles and shines in the ray, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

3 How spot-less it seems and how pure: I would that my spir-it were so! Then long as the soul shall en-dure, More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

Snow, snow, snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow; The snow, the snow, When si-lent-ly fall-ing the snow.

Snow; snow, snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow; The snow the snow, the snow, In crys-tals of glit-ter-ing snow.

Snow, snow, snow, More brightly I'd shine than the snow; The snow, the snow, More brightly I'd shine than the snow.

The snow, the snow, the snow,

SONG OF GREETING!

E. O. L.
From "Institute Glee Book," by per.*Allegro.*

1. 2. FINE.

Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! 1 We come with mer - ry songs and gay, We

Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! all! { 1 We come with mer - ry greet - ing
2 A mer - ry greet - ing

Mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing, mer - ry greet - ing to all! 2 A mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A

come with mer - ry songs and gay, To drive dull care and gloom a - way, To drive dull care and gloom a - way;

songs and gay, To drive dull care and to gloom a - way; With
we ex - tend, A greet - ing warm and to ev' - ry friend; Our

mer - ry greet - ing we ex - tend, A greet - ing warm to ev' - ry friend, A greet - ing warm to ev' - ry friend;

SONG OF GREETING. Concluded.

33

D.C.

With mu - sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.

mn - sic sweet the hours to cheer, And wel - come our com - pan - ions here.
 voi - ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

Our voi - ces all we'll join in song, While floats the mel - o - dy a - long.

SCOTLAND'S BURNING. Round.

1. 2. 3. > > > >

Scot - land's burn - ing! Ring the bell! Call the fire - men! Each one tell! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

THE FIREMEN'S CALL. Round.

1. 2. 3. > > > > 4.

Hark! hear the bell, boys! Hear its thrill - ing song! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Hur - ry the en - gine a - long.

D

1 Bright - ly, bright - ly gleam the spark-ling rills; Sum - mer, sum - mer sleeps on ver - dant

2 O - dors, o - dors load the sum - mer air; Mu - sic, mu - sic sweet - ly ech - oes

3 Faint - ly, faint ly sounds the dis - tant fall; Light - ly, light - ly wood - land ech - oes

hills; 'Mid the shadows we ram - bling stray Where cool - ing foun - tains sport - ive play. Peal - ing,

there; And bright - est maids with soft - est glance, There join the song and lead the dance. Peal - ing,

call; And in their voice we deem we hear The tones of friends once gay and dear. Peal - ing,

Peal - ing, come the laugh and shout, While gay - ly we sing Till the old for - ests ring, While gay - ly we sing Till the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes and rests. The lyrics are written below the staves.

old for - ests ring With the joy of our mer - ry shout, With the joy of our mer - ry shout.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When life seemed formed of sun - ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was

2 When ev' - ry late hope whis - pered then, My fan - cy deemed was on - ly truth, Oh, would that I could know a - gain The

3 'Tis vain to mouru that years have shown How false these fai - ry vis - ions were; Or mur - mur that my eyes have known The

4 But still the heart will fond - ly cling To hopes no long - er prized as truth; And mem' - ry still de - lights to bring The

CHORUS.

swept a - way in tran - sient tears. Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When

hap - py vis - ions of my youth. Oh, would I were a hoy a - gain, When life seemed formed of sun - ny years,

hur - den of a fleet - ing tear. Oh, would I were a boy a - gain, When

hap - py vis - ions of my youth.

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN. Concluded.

37

life seemed formed of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was swept a - way in tran - sient tears.

life seemed formed of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain Was swept a - way in tran - sient tears.

This musical score is for the song 'Would I Were a Boy Again'. It consists of four staves. The first staff is the vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff featuring a more active bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff and the second line to the third staff.

'Twas YOU, SIR. Round.

LORD MORNINGTON.

1. 'Twas you, sir! 'Twas you, sir! I tell you noth-ing new, sir! 'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl! 'Twas you, sir! you!

2. 'Tis true, sir! 'Tis true, sir! You look so ver - y blue, sir! 'Twas you that kissed the pretty girl! 'Twas you, 'tis true:

3. Oh, sir! no, sir! No, no, no, no, no, sir! How can you wrong me so, sir? I did not kiss the pret - ty girl; But I know who.

This musical score is for the round 'Twas YOU, SIR'. It is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The score is divided into three parts, each with its own number (1, 2, 3) at the beginning. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first staff, the second line to the second staff, and the third line to the third staff. The score ends with a double bar line.

1 Come with the dew of morn - ing. It melts with the sun's glad ray. All radiant with light, bring garlands bright, Thy precious gifts, sweet May

2 Come with the lay of glad - ness, So full with the sounds of mirth, So sweet and so pure from mu - sic's store, To hail thy glad some birth.

3 Come in the noon - day gleaming, When, bright with its gold - en ray, The sun with his light, in lustre bright, Doth greet thee, merry May.

Hail! May, bright, wel-come May, Charm-ing, sun-ny month of May. Like the birds we chant the words To wel-come love - ly May.

Hail! May, bright, wel-come May, Charm-ing, sun-ny month of May. Like the birds we chant the words To wel-come love - ly May.

WHAT A WORLD THIS MIGHT BE.

Popular German Song.

39

1 Oh, what a world this might be, If hearts were al-ways kind, - - - If hearts were al-ways kind; If,

2 With love's own voice to guide us, Un-chang-ing - ly and fond, - - - Un-chang-ing - ly and fond; With

3 Oh, what a world this might be, More blest than that of yore, - - More blest than that of yore; What

friend-ship, none would slight thee; If love, no hearts would blight thee; And for-tune prove less blind, And for-tune prove less blind.

none to cold - ly chide us; With all we wish be-side us; And not a care be-yond, And not a care be-yond.

though the world should slight thee; Come, learn, and 'twill re-quite thee, To love each oth-er more, To love each oth-er more.

FAREWELL SERENADE.

EDWARD BROOKS.
From "Teachers' Institute Glee Book," by per.*Allegro.*

1 The twilight is melting away; Bright stars gem the brow of the night; Soft

2 May the purest and fairest of earth Ever fondly thy path-way entwine! May thy
zephyrs steal forth to caress, As we hasten the heart to delight. Then wake from thy slumbers, And
joys be as bright as thy worth,— Round thy heart every blessing combine! Then wake from thy slumbers, And

FAREWELL SERENADE. Concluded.

41

list to our num - bers; We soon are to wan - der a - far; But we'll breathe choic - est bless - ings for

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a double bar line in the middle of each staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

thee, As we sing to the flute and gui - tar; But we'll sing to the flute and gui - tar.

1 2

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a repeat sign and a double bar line in the middle of each staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. Above the staves, the numbers '1' and '2' are placed over the first and second measures of the second staff, respectively.

1 Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest; Home-keep - ing hearts are hap - pi - est; For those that wan - der, they

2 Wea - ry and home - sick and dis - tressed, They wan - der East, they wau - der West, And are baffled and beat - en and

know not where, Are full of trou - ble and full of care: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

blown a - bout By the winds of the wild - er - ness of doubt: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

wings and fly A hawk is hov - er - ing in the sky: To stay at home is best, To stay at home is best.

1 Soft - ly, soft - ly, sweet - ly sing, For eve - ning gales are gen - tly breath - ing; Ma - ny fra - grant o - dors bring From field and gar - den bower;

2 Soft - ly, soft - ly, sweet - ly sing, For here on mos - sy bank re - clin - ing, Mem'ries on swift pin - ions bring The scenes of for - mer years;

3 Soft - ly, then, and sweet - ly sing, Our voic - es chime so well to - geth - er; Thus, my friends, our hearts have been For many a pleas - ant year.

Sweet ros - es, queens of leaf - y June, And sing - ing birds are all in tune, And lil - ies white per - fume the air With fragrance rich and rare.

We see the friends of childhood's days, We hear the old fa - mil - iar lays Sung long a - go be - neath the tree That shel - tered you and me.

If hearts were all in tune like ours, Then peaceful, bright would be the hours, And fair would bloom the beauteous flowers, And all se - rene would be.

OUTWARD BOUND.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 I sit and watch the ships go out A - cross the wid' - ning sea, How one hy one, in shim' - ring sun, .

2 Be - yond the low ho - ri - zon line Where my short sight must fail, Some oth - er eyes a watch will keep,

3 So round the world the ships will sail, To drear - y lands or fair; So with them go, for weal or woe,

4 O hu - man love, so kind, so true, That knows not mete nor bound, But fol - lows with un - wear - ied watch

They sail a - way from me! I know not to what lands they sail, Nor what the freights they hear;

Wher - e'er the ships may sail: By night, hy day, or near, or far, O'er nar - row seas or wide,

Some dear ones ev' - ry where; And these will speed each lag - ging keel, When home - ward it is laid;

Our dai - ly chang - ing round:— O Love Di - vine, O Love Su - preme, What mat - ter where I sail,

OUTWARD BOUND. Concluded.

45

rit.

I on - ly know they out - ward go, While all the winds are fair, While all the winds are fair.

These fol - low still, at love's sweet will, What - ev - er may be - tide, What - ev - er may be - tide.

Or watch will keep, o'er sur - ges deep, If there a grave be made, If there a grave be made.

So I but know, wher - e'er - I go, Thy watch will nev - er fail, Thy watch will nev - er fail.

COME, FOLLOW ME MERRILY. Round.

E. NELHAN, 1667.

1.

2.

Come, fol - low me mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, friends; Come, fol - low me mer - ri - ly, oh! And we will sing re, sol,

3.

do, do, sol, do, fa, do, sol, sol, do. Put sol be - fore la, and do af - ter si, Sol, la, si, do, si, la, si, do.

MERRILY SING.

1 The beau-ti-ful wa-ter, that's flow-ing so free, Is sure-ly the bev'-rage for you and for me; It bub-bles and flash-es with

2 No wine will we driuk; ver-y well do we know There lurk-eth a mon-ster he-neath its bright glow; The wine with its brilliance im-

3 Come, hasten and write down your name on this page; Come, en-ter the ranks and the foe dis-en-geage; No long-er stand halting, but

CHORUS.

pure, spark-ling light; No chal-ice of poi-son could e'er shine so bright. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing,

part-eth a sting: 'Tis wa-ter, eold wa-ter, we mer-ri-ly sing. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing,

give us your hand; For grand-ly is march-ing our eold-wa-ter hand. Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing,

MERRILY SING. Concluded.

47

Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring.

Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring; Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, Wa - ter, cold wa - ter, just brought from the spring.

OH, COME WITH ME.

FINE.

MOZART.

D. C.

1 { Oh, come with me, Oh, come with me, The sun has left the sea; } The bird whose lay was trilled all day, Is soft - ly float - ing by;
The fra - grant flow'r perfumes the bow'r; The breeze is on the sea.

D. C. Both breeze and flow'r en - joy the hour, And shall not you and I?

2 { The vil - lage bell rings through the dell; Its mu - sic we may hear; } The day is done, and one by one, The stars come in the sky;
And in the grove the sounds we love Will greet the list'ning ear.

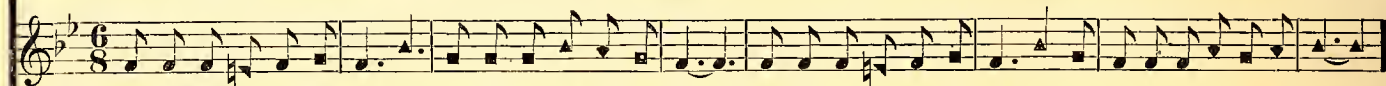
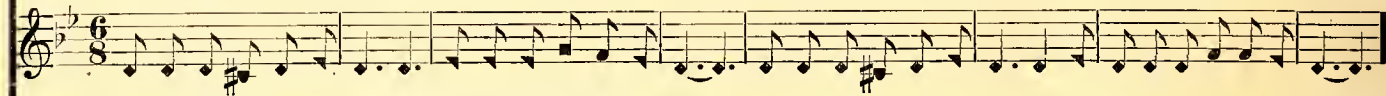
D. C. Both breeze and flow'r en - joy the hour, And shall not you and I?

SOFTLY THE DAY IS DECLINING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Soft-ly the day is de-clin-ing, Far in the beau-ti-ful west; Bright-ly the night star is shin-ing O'er hill and the valley at rest:



2 Calm-ly all na-ture is sleep-ing; Birds in their bowers are still; Soft-ly fair Lu-na is keep-ing Watch over the far-dis-tant hill:



So in re- pose should the spir- it Al-ways rest peaceful and pure; Then His great love we'll in- her- it, Whose promise is faithful and sure.



Thus do the an- gels a- bove us, Watch o'er our slumbers so pure; Whisp'ring of Him who hath loved us, Whose promise is faithful and sure.





1 I love my moun-tain home, Where wild winds love to roam! Where the cy-press vine And the whisp'ring pine A-dorn each granite dome.
2 Sing not with pride to me Of prai-rie broad and free; Nor of orange groves Where the white swan roves; Nor cottage by the sea.



3 For here the wild flowers sweet, Spring up around my feet; And the lau-rel blows 'Mid the cy-press gloom Of many a sweet re-treat.



4 'Tis sweet to wan-der here, By foun-tains cool and clear; And talk of love, Where the coo-ing dove A-lone may see and hear.
5 My moun-tain home for me, Where wild winds wan-der free; With my own true love, Who will nev-er rove: My mountain home for me!



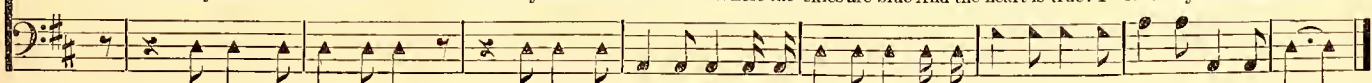
I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!



I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!



I love my mountain home! I love my mountain home! Where the skies are blue And the heart is true: I love my mountain home!



MORNING SUNBEAMS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 So you're peen-ing o'er the mountains, Bringing in an-o-ther day; Painting rain-bows round the fountains; Making dia-monds of the spray;
2 You have shone up-on the pla-ces Where my friends and kindred dwell; Looked in ma - ny hap-py fa-ces I would love to see so well;
3 Speed you on and chase the darkness That the sky with-in en-shrouds! Teach us how to catch the sun-beams, Tho' they strug-gle through the clouds;

Kiss-ing brows of smiling children That have just begun their play ; Chasing sha - dows o'er the mea-dows; Spreading glad-ness all the way.
And I hope you've painted ro-ses Where the li - ly did a - bide; Stayed the foot-steps that were hast'n'ing To the dark and swelling tide.

How a-mid this world of sadness, Beams of love may gently shine; Till, un-bro - ken by the shadows, We've a pu - rer light than thine.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

A LUTE, WITH NO ONE TO PLAY IT.

R. S. TAYLOR.

51

From "Giffe's Male Quartette and Chorus Book," by per.



1 A lute, with no one to play it; A bell, that no - bod - y

2 A bell is made but for ring - ing; A lute is on - ly to

3 To be is not worth the be - ing Till love il - lum - ines the



rings. A name, with no one to say it; A song, that no - bod - y sings.

play; A song is sweet but in sing - ing; A name is on - ly to say.

skies; To see is not worth the see - ing Till love an - oints the eyes.

rit.

THE OLD HOME.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

1 The home and the scenes of our childhood; How thrill - ing their mem'ries to - day, As through the old fields and the

2 The winds of thrice ten ha - zy au-tumns Have blown the seared leaves o'er the hills, The snows of thrice ten pass - ing

3 The or - chard our fa - ther's hand planted, And cultured with such hope - ful care, Has per - ished like o - ther dear

4 I turn from the home, all for-sak - en, And bid it a ling' - ring fare-well; The sight of its scenes, now so

for - est I ram - ble where we used to play! Each dear and fa - mil - iar old play-ground I've

win - ters Have fed the wild stream - lets and rills, Since last, in the days of my child - hood, I

treasures, And left the hill - side bleak and bare. Just three dy - ing trees that are striv - ing A -

fad - ed, My bo - som may nev - er more swell. Hence - forth the im - mu - ta - ble man - sions, And

trav - ersed as seek - ing for gold— The years that have rude - ly passed o'er them, Have ta - ken the land - marks of

bade the old home - stead a - diu; What chan - ges the years have re - cord - ed! How start - ling and sad the re -

gainst the de - crees of the years, Are all that re - main now to greet me, And wit - ness my vis - it and

beau - ti - ful ev - er - green shore, Shall be the glad theme of my jour - ney,— My par - a - dise home ev - er -

old. The years that have rude - ly passed o'er them, Have ta - ken the land - marks of old.

view! What chan - ges the years have re - cord - ed! How start - ling and sad the re - view!

tears. Are all that re - main now to greet me, And wit - ness my vis - it and tears.

more. Shall be the glad theme of my jour - ney,— My par - a - dise home ev - er - more.

HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL.

JOHN R. SWENEY,
From "Gems of Praise," by per.

1 Wel - come, wel - come! glad - ly wel - come To the children's ju - bi - lee: (welcome all!) Here we meet with joy to greet you;

2 Wel - come, wel - come! sweet - ly welcome! Songs of joy and beams of light (welcome all!) Gild the gold - en ties of friendship,

3 Wel - come, wel - come! pa - rents, teachers: Free - ly join our songs of glee: (welcome all!) Ban - ish ev' - ry thought of sad - ness;

4 Wel - come, wel - come! sing - ing wel - come! Thanks we raise, O Lord, to thee! (welcome all!) Thou hast kind - ly, gen - tly led us,

Hap - py meet - ing may it be; May our hearts be ov - er - flow - ing, Full of joy - ous mel - o - dy;

Blend - ing all our hearts to - night; Sweet - ly may the strains of mu - sic Fill our minds with thoughts sub - lime;

'Tis the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee. Who may sing if not the chil - dren? Let us join the mer - ry song;

Brought us to our ju - bi - lee. When we come to Jer - dau's riv - er, Gaz - ing on the oth - er shore,

HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL. Concluded.

55

CHORUS.

Each to each our love be show - ing; 'Tis the chil - dren's ju - bi - lee. Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes,

Lift us high - er, make us pn - rer, All our hearts in love com - bine.

Youth - ful hearts may nt - ter prais - es, Glad' - ning e'en the an - gel throng. Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes,

May we find a hear - ty wel - come,—Wel - come where we'll part no more.

wel - come! Happy wel - come to all! yes, to all! Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes, welcome! Happy welcome to all! yes, to all!

wel - come, Hap - py wel - come to all! yes, to all! Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come! yes, wel - come! Happy welcome to all! yes, to all!

1 When bright stars are shin - ing From out the blue sky, And ze - phyr's moan sad - ly, Whilst pass - ing me by; As

2 The sweet rose when fa - ded Still leaves a per - fume, Its vel - vet leaves la - ded Spread o - ver its tomb; Thus

3 Like a lone harp that lin - gers In si - lence a - lone, Touched soft by light fingers, Scarce mur - murs a tone; My

The first system of the musical score for 'ALDINE.' It consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the third staff being the bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The system ends with a double bar line.

sweet mu - sic peal - ing Floats o - ver the lea, Then o'er me comes steal - ing Sweet mem' - ries of thee.

round me will hov - er, In grief or in glee, Till life's dream is o - ver, Sweet mem' - ries of thee.

gay heart re - sem - bles That harp light and free, Till o'er its chords trembles Sweet mem' - ries of thee.

The second system of the musical score for 'ALDINE.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of four staves. The lyrics continue below the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



1 Oh, say can you see, hy the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last
2 On the shore dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re -
3 Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o -



gleam-ing; Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the per - il - ons fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly
pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half - dis -
la - tion; Blest with vict' - ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a



stream-ing; And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream -
na - tion. Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust;"

CHORUS.



Oh, say does that Star - span - gled Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



'Tis the Star - span - gled Ban - ner! Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



And the Star - span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED.

1st VOICE.



A lit - tle farm well tilled, A lit - tle oot well filled, A lit - tle wife well willed give me, give me.

2d VOICE.



A larg - er farm well tilled, A big - ger house well filled, A tall - er wife well willed give me, give me.

3d VOICE.



I like the farm well tilled, I like a house well filled, But no wife at all give me, give me.

Trio.



A short wife, a short wife, A short wife, a short wife give me, give me,



A tall wife, a tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me, A



No wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me,

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILLED. Concluded.

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After this repeat, sing the first, second and third voices in unison for the ending of the tune.

A short wife, a short wife, a short wife, a short wife give me, give me.

tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife, a tall wife give me, give me.

No wife at all, no wife at all give me, give me, No wife at all give me, give me.

THE ECHO.

f *pp* *f* *pp*

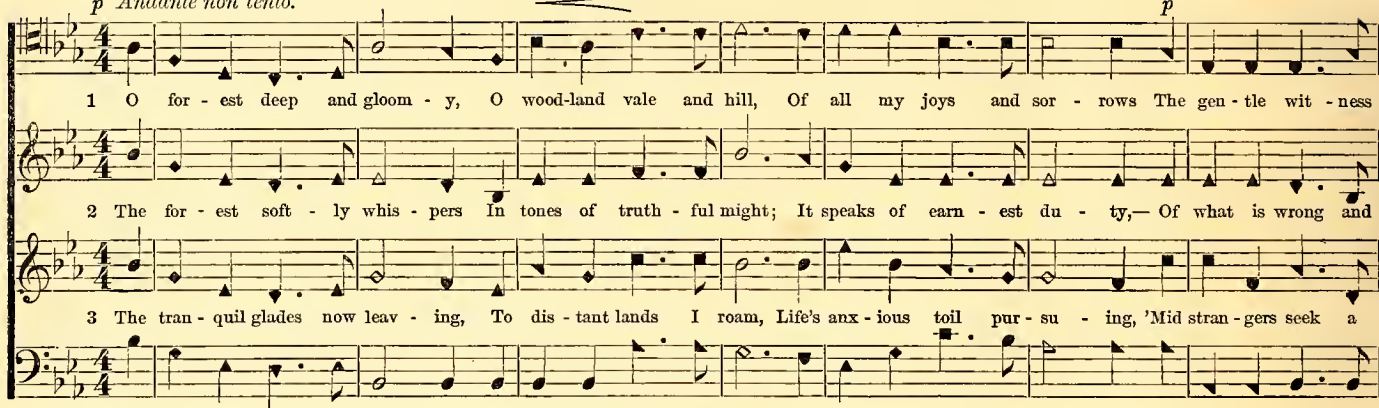
1 Oh, hark! oh, hear! How soft and clear The ech-o's mel-low strain! O Ech-o, hear! O Ech-o, hear! Re-ly a - gain, a - gain, a - gain, a - gain.

2 The gen-tle breeze a-mong the trees The ech-o wafts a - long; We call a-gain, We call again, Oh, hear our song, our song, our song, our song.

3 The mu-sic floats In soft-est notes Up-on the zephyr's wing; Oh, hear the song! Oh, hear the song! A-gain we sing, we sing, we sing, we sing.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

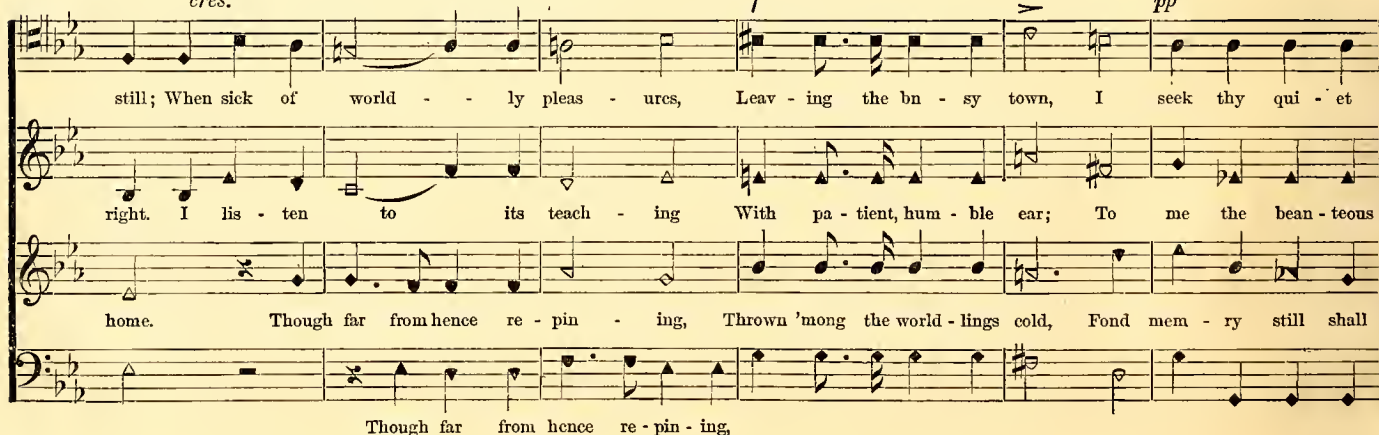
MENDELSSOHN.

*p Andante non lento.**p*


1 O for - est deep and gloom - y, O wood - land vale and hill, Of all my joys and sor - rows The gen - tle wit - ness

2 The for - est soft - ly whis - pers In tones of truth - ful might; It speaks of earn - est du - ty,— Of what is wrong and

3 The tran - quil glades now leav - ing, To dis - tant lands I roam, Life's anx - ious toil pur - su - ing, 'Mid stran - gers seek a

*cres.**f**pp*


still; When sick of world - ly pleas - ures, Leav - ing the bn - sy town, I seek thy qui - et

right. I lis - ten to its teach - ing With pa - tient, hum - ble ear; To me the bean - teous

home. Though far from hence re - pin - ing, Thrown 'mong the world - lings cold, Fond mem - ry still shall

Though far from hence re - pin - ing,

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST. Concluded. *dim.*

61



sha - dows, And wea - ry, lay me down; I seek thy qui - et sha - dows, And, wea - ry, lay me down.

lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear; To me the beau - teous lan - guage Shall he for - ev - er dear,

charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old; Fond mem' - ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

charm me, Fond mem' - ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.
First Tenor.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT. Quartette for Male Voices.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 Stars of the sum - mernight! Far in your a - zure deeps Hide, hide your gold - en light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

2 Moon of the sum - mernight! Far down yon west - ern steep Sink, sink in si - lent light; She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

3 Dreams of the sum - mer night! Tell her her lov - er keeps Watch while, in slum - bers light, She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps! She sleeps! my la - dy sleeps!

THE TOPER'S SONG.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

From "Rosecrans' Lightning Music Reader," by per.

1 I once had a hat with a brim and crown, And it fit - ted nice - ly, too; But up went the brim, and the

2 I once had a coat that was new and bright, And as good as one could need; But now it presents but a

3 My wife was as gay as a but - ter - fly, There was scarce one such in ten; But I oft did give her a

crown came down, And the rest is all a - skew; And what is the cause? now I seem to hear, De

sor - ry sight, It has gone, you see, to seed; And what is the cause? you will doubt - ful think, De

big black eye, And she isn't so gay as then; And what is the cause? you of me will ask, De

THE TOPER'S SONG. Concluded.

63

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. Below the top staff are two lines of lyrics. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps, containing a complex accompaniment of beamed sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps, containing a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.

dum, de - dum, de - dum, A - las! it was drinking too much of heer, De - dum, de - dum, de - dum.
 dum, de - dum, de - dum, A - las! for the fun that there is in drink, De - dum, de - dum, de - dum.
 dum, de - dum, de - dum, A - las! 'twas the use of my whisk-y flask, De - dum, de - dum, de - dum.

CHORUS.

The chorus section consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps, containing a melody. Below the top staff are two lines of lyrics. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps, containing a complex accompaniment of beamed sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps, containing a simple accompaniment of eighth notes.

'Tis the fortune of the sot! Then, the hahit, ill begot, Quit for - ev - er on the spot! quit it! Quit forev - er on the spot!
 quit it!
 'Tis the fortune of the sot! Then, the hahit, ill begot, Quit for - ev - er on the spot! Quit it! Quit forev - er on the spot!
 quit it!

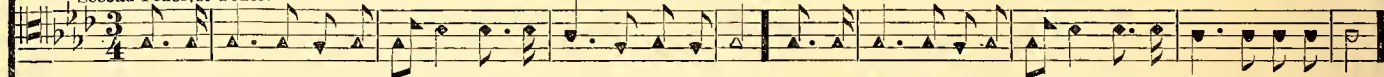
BRIGHTLY NOW THE MOON IS BEAMING.*

First Tenor, or Soprano.



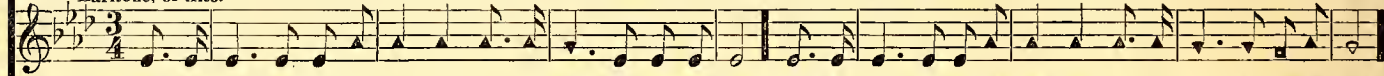
1 Bright-ly now the moon is beam-ing O - ver moun-tain, tow'r and tree; And the lights of heav'n are streaming, Lines of gold up-on the sea;

Second Tenor, or Tenor.



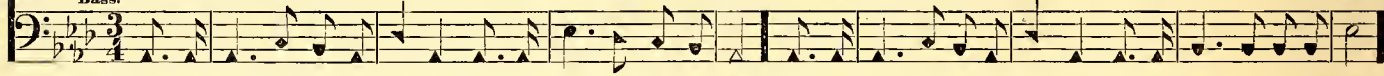
2 They have gone beyond earth's weeping; They have fled from sin and care; They are safe in angels' keep-ing, Where the skies are ev-er fair;

Baritone, or Alto.

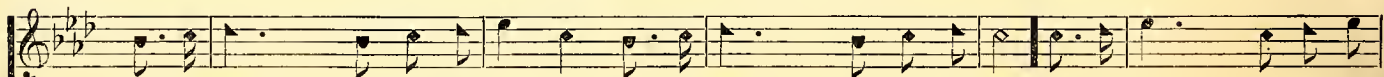


3 Far a-way, and yet so near us, An-gel bands of light and love; They can watch and they can hear us, As thro' earth's dark vales we rove;

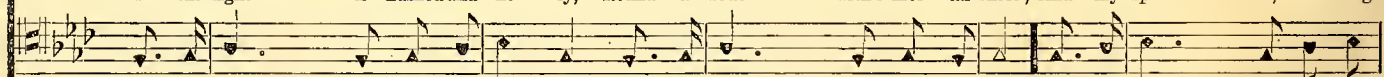
Bass.



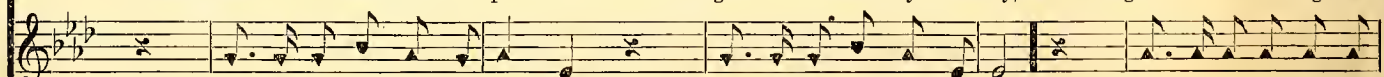
4 Beams the moon-light on the mountain, Gleams the star-light on the sea; And the wil-low shades the fountain, And the zeph-yr woos the lea;



All the night is hushed and ho-ly, Round a-bout earth's mor-tal shore; And my spir-it, bend-ing



I shall meet them at the por-tal In that glo-rious by-and-by, Meet and greet each bright-im-



Oft they come on snow-y pin-ions Breathing words that Faith can hear; Tell-ing of those bright do-



But my wea-ry spir-it pon-ders - On the glo-ries far a-way, And on Faith's white pin-ions

* If sung by mixed voices the Soprano will take First Tenor, Alto take Baritone, and Tenor take Second Tenor part.

low - ly, Dreams of hap - py days of yore; Dreams of fa - - ces fair and ho - ly I shall see on earth no more.

mor - tal In that glo - ry land on high, Greet them at the shin - ing por - tals, Where no joy can ev - er die.

min - ions, Free from care or doubt or fear; E - ven now I hear their pin ions, In the still - ness, rust - ling near.

wan - ders To the realms of end - less day; Sad - ly dreams and mute - ly pon - ders On the land so far a - way.

MERTON.

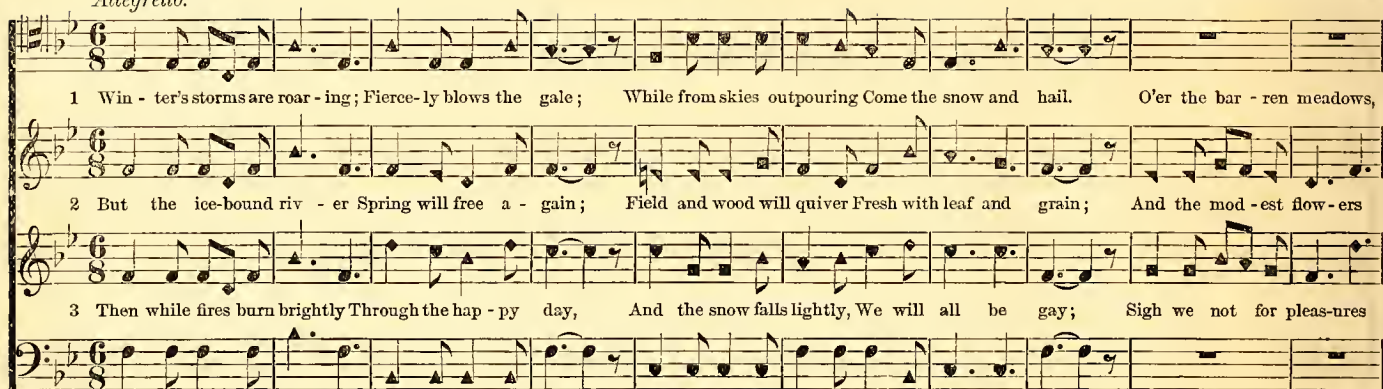
T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 O Thou, whose mer - cy guides my way, Though now it seems se - vere; For - bid my un - be - lief to say There is no mer - cy here.

2 Oh, grant me to de - sire the pain That comes in kind - ness down, More than the world's al - lur - ing gain Sue - ceed - ed by a frown.

3 Then, though thou bend my spir - it low, Love on - ly shall I see; The ve - ry hand that strikes me low Was wounded once for me.

WINTER.

FRANZ ABT, Arr. by E. O. L.
From "School Room Songs," by per.


1 Win - ter's storms are roar - ing; Fierce - ly blows the gale; While from skies outpouring Come the snow and hail. O'er the bar - ren meadows,

2 But the ice-bound riv - er Spring will free a - gain; Field and wood will quiver Fresh with leaf and grain; And the mod - est flow - ers

3 Then while fires burn brightly Through the hap - py day, And the snow falls lightly, We will all be gay; Sigh we not for pleas - ures



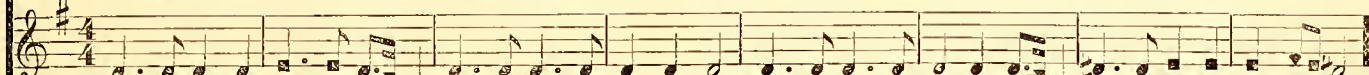
Through the lone - ly dell, And o'er monntains, shadows Cast their mag - ic spell, And o'er mountains, shadows Cast their mag - ic spell.

Blush a - long onr way, Waked by A - pril's show - ers, Kiss'd by sun - ny May, Waked by A - pril's showers, Kiss'd by sun - ny May.

Known in sun - ny clime; Naught bnt joy - ous measures To our hearts keep time, Naught bnt joy - ous measures To our hearts keep time.

Earnestly.

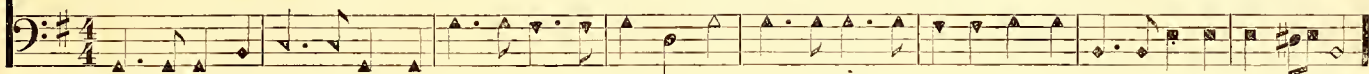
1 In this land of boast-ed free-dom, In this kingdom of the brave, Si-lent-ly a spec-tral arm-y March-es onward to the grave.



2 Hark! a-gain that sound of wail-ing Borne a-long the mid-night air: 'Tis the cry of help-less orphans: 'Tis the wid-ow in de-spair!



3 Dost thou see those crim-son ban-ners, As they flut-ter o'er the host? Dost thou hear that dirge re-sounding, Like the death-wail of the lost?



4 Well thou knowest, then, the sto-ry: Then thou knowest well the woe, And the shad-ows of dis-hon-or That enshroud them as they go!



Hark! I hear their muffled footsteps, Like a dis-tant, dis-tant knell, As our six-ty thousand drunkards Tread the path that leads to hell.



Still the sound is ever steady, Tramping, tramp-ing through the gloom, Pass our six-ty thousand drunkards To the shadows of the tomb.



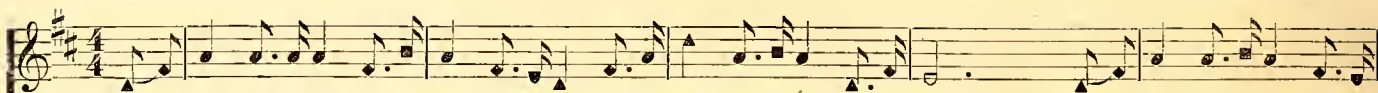
Dost thou see that tyrant captain, As he leads his tat-tered band? Leads the six-ty thousand drunkards, Grim and ghost-ly, through the land?



And against the wily Tempter, Let thy prayer with mine a-rise: When, O God, shall end his con-quest? When shall cease the sac-ri-fice?

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

By per. E. A. GLENN.



1 How of - ten in fan - cy I turn to the days Of my child - hood, so love - ly and fair;
 2 With emotion I think of the bright sun - ny days That in this life will come nev - er - more;
 3 Thanks to God for the prom - ise He's giv - en to me, Of a home in a hap - pi - er clime;

A - las! are those pleasures of
 But I hope to enjoy ma - ny
 For I know I shall dwell in that



youth fled a - way, And life is now bur - dened with care.
 hap - pi - er ones A - way on the ev - er - green shore.
 E - den so free, And share in his love so di - vine.

Ah! sweet days of child - hood, with pleas - ure I dwell On the
 How oft I re - call you O fair gold - en day, In my
 A - way in the fu - ture those days shall a - rise, Then a -



CHILDHOOD DAYS. Concluded.

69

scenes that time can nev - er fade, And down in the depth of my heart's deep - est cell, I treas - ure the im - press you made.
 dreams I of - ten can re - view, Those dear ten - der to - kens that now melt a - way, And give place to ones that are new.
 gain their mu - sic I shall hear; For - ev - er to dwell in the sweet Par - a - dise, And win to me pleasures so dear.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

Oh, happy, happy days of my child-hood! I never, never can for - get How I once loved to wander in the wildwood; Still linger with a fond re-gret.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Arr. from SPOHE.

1 Good - night! good - night! All our la - bor now is done; Day - lightsweet - ly round is clos - ing,

2 Now to rest! Now to rest! Let the wea - ry eye - lids close; Sleep on ev' - ry eye is ly - ing,

3 Rest in peace! Rest in peace! Till the morn - ing gay - ly breaks; Till the day its cares re - new - ing,

Bu - sy hands and heads re - pos - ing, Till to - mor - row's ris - ing sun. Good - night! good - night!

While the whip - poor - will is cry - ing; All in - vit - ing to re - pose. Good - night! Good - night!

Calls us to be up and do - ing! Rest in peace, thy Fa - ther wakes. Good - night! Good - night!

COME HOME.

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

71



1 Come home, . . . come home . . . from o'er . . . the sea! . . . We wait, . . . we sigh, . . . we
 2 To - night, . . . when past . . . the sun- . . . set hour, . . . And dew's . . . fell soft . . . on

1 Come home, come home from o'er the sea, Come home, come home from o'er the sea! We wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; We

2 To-night, when past the sun - set hour, To-night, when past the sun - set hour, And dew's fell soft on grass and flow'r, And



pray . . . for thee; . . . In for- . . . eign climes . . . no long- . . . er roam, . . . Our
 grass . . . and flower . . . A wild . . . bird came . . . and furled . . . her wing . . . On

wait, we sigh, we pray for thee; In for - eign climes no long - er roam, In for - eign climes no long - er roam, Onr

dew's fell soft on grass and flow'r, A wild bird came and furled her wing, A wild bird came and furled her wing On

COME HOME. Continued.

hearts . . . all cry . . . "Come home, . . . come home!" . . . For twice her sheaf hath au - tumn hound, The
thy . . . lone hower, . . . her hymn . . . to sing. . . . The earth was calm, the heav'ns were fair, While

hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!" Our hearts all cry, "Come home, come home!" For twice her sheaf hath au - tumn hound, The

thy lone hower, her hymn to sing, On thy lone hower, her hymn to sing. The earth was calm, the heav'ns were fair, While

winter snow twice wrapped the ground, The spring hath bloomed, the summers shone In glo - rious robes since thou art gone. A - gain . . . the
hal - my in - cense filled the air; All na - ture seemed on hend - ed knee, And to her God we kneeled for thee. We asked . . . his

win - ter snow twice wrapped the ground, The spring hath bloomed, the summers shone In glorious robes since thou art gone. A - gain the summer's

bal - my in - cense filled the air; All na - ture seemed on hend - ed knee, And to her God we kneeled for thee. We asked his an - gel

COME HOME. Concluded.

73

sum- . . . mer's eve- . . . ning breeze . . . Comes murm'- . . . ring through . . . the rust- . . . ling trees; . . . Her
 an- . . . gel guard . . . to keep . . . Thy way . . . a - cross . . . the roll- . . . ing deep; . . . Through:

eve-ning breeze, A - gain the sum-mer's eve-ning breeze Comes murm'ring through the rustling trees, Comes murm'ring through the rust-ling trees; Her

guard to keep, We asked his an - gel guard to keep, Thy way a-cross the roll - ing deep, Thy way a-cross the roll - ing deep; Through

moon . . . heams bright on spire . . . and dome, And our . . . own roof: . . . Come home! . . . come home!
 bill- . . . wy wilds, 'mid surge . . . and foam, To hold . . . thee safe: . . . Come home! . . . come home!

moon heams bright on spire and dome, Her moon beams bright on spire and dome, And our own roof: Come home! come home! come home!

hill'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam, Through bill'wy wilds, 'mid surge and foam, To hold thee safe: Come home! come home! come home!

TURN AWAY FROM WINE.

By per. R. A. GLENN.

1 Oh, turn a-way
2 While purer joys
3 That fiend will draw

from sparkling wine,
are found at home,
its vic-tims in,

Nor dare to touch
And hap-pier hearts
And on them bring

the fa - tal cup;
are heat-ing there,
much un - told woe:

1 Oh, turn a - way . . . from the sparkling wine, . . . Nor dare to touch . . . the fa - tal cup; . . . For many a
2 While pu - rer joys . . . may be found at home . . . When hap - py hearts . . . are beating there, . . . Beware! there's
3 That fiend is draw - . . . ing its victims in, . . . And ou them bring - . . . ing uu - told woe: . . . Be warned, and

For many a life
Beware! there's death
Be warued, and shun

as bright as thine
in drops that foam!
the fear - ful sin,

Strong drink has robbed
A - void the temp-
Or it may quick-

of ev' - ry hope.
ter's fa - tal snare.
ly draw you in.

life . . . that was bright as thine . . . Strong drink has robbed . . . of ev' - ry hope.
death . . . in the drops that foam! . . . A - void the temp- . . . ter's fa - tal snare.
shun . . . while you may the sin, . . . Or it may quick- . . . ly draw you in.

TURN AWAY FROM WINE. Concluded.

75

Oh, turn a - way, oh, turn a - way From the bright and sparkling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

Oh, turn a - way, oh, turn a - way From the bright and sparkling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

Oh, turn a - way, oh, turn a - way From the bright and sparkling wine! It's caused so man - y hopes to fade That once were bright as thine.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) with a treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a treble clef. The third staff is a vocal line in G major with a treble clef. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

MOORMAN.

W. E. BURNETT.

Boldly.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of end-less joy, Where Je-sus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Then let my soul march boldly on; Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy e - ter-nal reign, And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

3 There shall I wear a star - ry crown, And triumph in al - migh - ty grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Leader's praise.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first system is in D minor (two flats) and 3/2 time. The second system is in D minor and 3/2 time. The third system is in D minor and 3/2 time. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

CHIME AGAIN.

GEORGE BAKER.

*Andante.**cres.**dim.*

1 Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful - bells! Now your soft mel - o - dy floats on the wind,

*cres.**dim.*

2 Chime a - gain, chime a - gain, beau - ti - ful bells! Lin - ger a - while o'er the deep, dus - ky bay;

Burst - ing at in - ter - vals o - ver the sails, Leav - ing a train of re - flec - tion be - hind; An - swer - ing

Faint - er and faint - er your mel - o - dy swells; Fast fades the land and your sound dies a - way; Now the cold

CHIME AGAIN. Concluded.

77

echoes that ga - ther a - round, Call from the heart ev' - ry wish that is dear;

lamp of night sil - vers the deep; On sails the bark from this hap - py shore,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'echoes that ga - ther a - round, Call from the heart ev' - ry wish that is dear;'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'lamp of night sil - vers the deep; On sails the bark from this hap - py shore,'. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

Voi - ces of friend-ship still ring in each sound, Bidd - ing me wel - come that chime with a tear.

Lone - ly I'm left on the wa - ters to weep, Chimes of those hean - ti - ful bells to de - plore.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'Voi - ces of friend-ship still ring in each sound, Bidd - ing me wel - come that chime with a tear.' and a fermata over the word 'welcome'. The fourth staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'Lone - ly I'm left on the wa - ters to weep, Chimes of those hean - ti - ful bells to de - plore.' and a fermata over the word 'heavenly'. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.
From "Shining Light," by per.

1 It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A - down the Stream of Time, To flow with the course of the riv-er, Like
 2 We may float on the riv - er's sur-face While our oars scarce touch the stream; And vis - ions of earth-ly glo-ry On our

3 But a few—ah, would there were ma - ny!— Row up the Stream of Life: They strug-gle a-against its surg - es, And

4 Far on through the ba - zy dis-tance, Like a mist on dis - tant shore, They see the walls of a cit - y, With its
 5 And shall we be one of that num-ber Who mind not toil nor pain? Shall we moan the loss of earth's joys When we

mu - sic to some old rhyme, Bnt, ah! it takes cour-age and pa-tience A-against its eur - rent to ride; And we
 daz - zled sight may gleam. We for-get that on be - fore us The dash - ing tor - rents roar; And

mind nei - ther toil nor strife. Though wea - ry and faint with la-hor, With sing - ing tri-umph-ant they ride; For

ban - ners float - ing o'er. Seen through a glass so dark - ly They al - most mis - take their way; Bnt
 have a crown to gain? Or shall we glide on with the riv - er, With death at the end of our ride? While our

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE. Concluded.

79

must have strength from Heav-en When row - ing a-against the tide.
while we are i - dly dream-ing, Its wa-ters will ear-ry us o'er.

It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-

Christ is the he - ro's Cap-tain When row - ing a - gainst the tide.

It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-

faith throws light on their la-bor When dark - ness shuts out the day.
bro - ther with heav-en be-fore him, Is row - ing a-against the tide.

It is ea - sy to glide with its rip-ples, A-

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sie to some old rhyme.

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme.

down the "Stream of Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sie to some old rhyme.

SLUMBER, DARLING. Serenade.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Slumber, dear-est, while a-bove thee Angel eyes are bend-ing now, And their starry pin-ions waving Lightly fan thy pla - eid brow; All is hushed and

2 Deeper now the midnight shadows Gather in the val - ley fair; Softly through the lattice stealing Comes the cool refreshing air; Till the ro - sy

The first system of the musical score for 'Slumber, Darling'. It consists of three staves: a top staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and two bottom staves with treble and bass clefs respectively, also in the same key signature. The time signature is 3/4. The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The second and third staves have treble and bass clefs respectively, also in the same key signature. The music is in a 3/4 time signature. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The second and third staves have treble and bass clefs respectively, also in the same key signature. The music is in a 3/4 time signature.

still a-round thee, While my lonely watch I keep; Thou art dreaming, sweetly dreaming; Sleep on, darling, peaceful be thy sleep; Peaceful be thy sleep.

light of morning Spangles o'er the crystal deep; Till the birds their songs a - wak-en, Sleep on, darling, peaceful be thy sleep; Peaceful be thy sleep.

The second system of the musical score. It continues with the same three-staff format (treble, treble, and bass clefs) and key signature. The first staff includes dynamic markings: *pp* (pianissimo) and *p* (piano). The lyrics continue across the staves.

1 The earth is clothed in gay at-tire, And na-ture strikes her sweet-est lyre;
2 Our hearts to God in heav'n we'll raise, In songs of sweet aud joy-ful lays:

1 The earth is clothed in gay at-tire And na-ture strikes her sweetest lyre;
2 Our hearts to God in heav'n we'll raise, In songs of sweet aud joy-ful lays: The We'll

The birds are sing-ing, sing-ing, The air is ring-ing, ring-ing, With mu-sic sweet and shrill, shrill.
We'll join our voi-ces, voi-ces, While earth in praise re-joice-s, And heav'n and na-ture sing, sing.

birds are sing-ing, The air is ring-ing, With mu-sic, mu-sic sweet and shrill, shrill.
join our voi-ces, While earth re-joice-s, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing, sing.

J The birds are sing-ing, The air is ringing With mu-sic sweet and shrill, shrill.
We'll join our voices, While earth re-joice-s, And heav'n and na-ture sing, sing.

SONG OF SPRING. Continued.

Glad voi - ces sound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill.
And swell the cho - ral Of prais - es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e - ter - nal King, To God, th'e - ter - nal King.

Glad voi - ces sound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, The ech-o re-bound-ing, From
And swell the cho - ral Of prais - es im - mor - tal, Of praises im - mor - tal To

The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale and hill, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From
Of prais - es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e - ter - nal King, To God, th'e - ter - nal King, To

The ech - o re-bound-ing From ev' - ry vale and hill, From
Of prais - es im - mor - tal, To God, th'e - ter - nal King, To

ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From
God, th'e - ter - nal King, To God, th'e - ter - nal King, To

SONG OF SPRING. Concluded.

83

ev'- ry vale and hill, The ech - o re-bound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale, from ev' - ry hill, From
 God, th' e-ter - nal King, Sing prais - es im - mor - tal, Sing prais - es im - mor - tal, To God, th' e-ter - nal King, to God, To

ev' - ry vale and hill, The' ech - o re-bound-ing, The ech - o re-bound-ing, From ev' - ry vale, From ev' - ry hill, From
 God, th' e-ter - nal King, Sing prais - es im - mor - tal, Sing prais - es im - mor - tal, To God, th' e-ter - nal King, to God, To

ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill.
 God, th' e-ter - nal King, To God, th' e-ter - nal King, To God, th' e-ter - nal King.

ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill, From ev' - ry vale and hill.
 God, th' e-ter - nal King, To God, th' e-ter - nal King, To God, th' e-ter - nal King.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Molto animato.

Let the hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we!

f

Let the hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we!

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features four staves: a vocal line (soprano), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The tempo is marked 'Molto animato.' The lyrics are written below the vocal and piano staves. The piano part includes a forte dynamic marking 'f'.

While Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un-fetter - ed as the winds are her chil - dren free.

While Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un-fetter - ed as the winds are her chil - dren free.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It maintains the same four-staff structure (vocal, piano, and bass). The lyrics continue across the staves. The musical notation includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings consistent with the first system.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

85

ff War we wage for free-dom's her - it - age, Our cause is true that ur - ges to the con - flict's close, *p* And

War we wage for free-dom's her - it - age, Our cause is true that ur - ges to the con - flict's close, *p* And

peace shall crown The war - rior's bright re - nown, The fame of him who bore him well in front of foes. The

peace shall crown The war - rior's bright re - nown, The fame of him who bore him well in front of foes. Let the

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

hills re-sound with song, As we proud-ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we! While

Cam-bria's mountains stand Like the ram-parts of the land, Un-fet-tered as the winds are her chil-dren free.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND Continued.

87

pp

Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fires rise, And

pp

p *cres.* *cres. f*

Land of my home, Tender thoughts will come, When thy hap-py val - leys in dreams I see, And thy hearth fires rise, And

pp.

Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home in dreams I see, And thy hearth-fires rise, And

pp dolce. *cres.*

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me; Fair flow thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break up - on the stones of a

pp

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me, Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home, my

pp dolce. *cres.*

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me. Fair flow thy streams, And in sun-lit gleams, Break up-on the stones of a

pp.

blue as skies, Eyes of the dear ones are turned on me. Land of home, my land of home, my land of home, My land of home, my

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Continued.

milk - white strand; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

land of home; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

milk - white strand; And, as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

land of home; And as soft haze fills the range of hills, Fond prayers a - rise for my own loved land.

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud-ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were bold, Stout hearts have we! While

The hills re-sound with song, As we proud - ly march a - long; For, as of old our sires were hold, Stout hearts have we; While

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Concluded.

89

Cam-hria's mountains stand Like the ram - parts of the land, Un-fetter - ed as the winds are her chil - dren free. The hills, the

hills re-sound with song, the hills re-sound, the hills re-sound, the hills re-sound with song!

hills re-sound, the hills re-sound with song, with song, with song!

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

NATIONAL AIR OF THE PRUSSIANS.

KARL WILHELM.

1 A voice re-sounds like thun - der-peal, 'Mid dash - ing waves and clang of steel: The Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man

2 They stand a hun - dred thou - sand strong, Quick to a - venge their coun - try's wrong, With fil - ial love their bos - oms

3 And though in death our hopes de - cay, The Rhine will own no for - eign sway; For rich with wa - ter as its

Rhine! The German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di - vine? Dear Fa - ther-land! No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land! No

swell, their bosoms swell, They'll guard the sa - cred land-mark well! Dear Fa - ther-land, No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land, No

flood, rich as its flood, Is Ger - ma - ny with he - ro blood; Dear Fa - ther-land! No dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther-land! No

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE. Concluded.

91

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

dan - ger thine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, To watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING. Round.

1.

How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

2.

How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove, Through wood - land and grove.

3.

How sweet, how sweet, How sweet to be roam - ing, When sum - mer is bloom - ing, Thro' wood - land and grove.

VESPER SONG. Quartette.

E. O. L.
From "School Room Songs," by per.

1 Slow fades the eve-ning light, Soft falls the dew; Faint - ly the stars of night Glim - mer to view.

2 Earth, like a wea-ry one, Sinks to re-pose. Cool comes the Zephyr on, Shutting the rose.

3 Bells on the val - ley side Tink-le and cease; Dark-er the sha - dows glide, All is at peace.

REFRAIN.

Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart!

Gentle and mer-ci-ful, Thou who wast crucified, Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart, Bring, O Thou Holy One, Peace to my heart!

Gentle and mer-ci-ful, Thou who wast crucified, Bring, O Thou Ho-ly One, Peace to my heart, Bring, O Thou Holy One, Peace to my heart!

SLUMBER, DEAREST. Solo, Duet and Quartette.

J. H. TENNEY.

93

SOLO.

- 1 Slumber, dear-est, while a-bove thee An - gel eyes are bend-ing now, And their star-ry pin-ions wav-ing, Light-ly fan thy pla - cid brow.
2 Deep-er now the mid-night sha-dows Gath-er in the val - ley fair; Soft - ly through thy lat - tice steal-ing Comes the cool, re - freshing air:

INST.

DUET.

QUARTETTE.

All is hushed and still around thee, While my lone - ly watch I keep; Thou art dreaming, sweet-ly dream-ing: Sleep on, dar-ling: peace - ful be thy sleep.

Till the ro - sy light of morn-ing, Spangles o'er the crys-tal deep; Till the birds their songs a-wak-en, Sleep on, dar - ling: peace-ful be thy sleep.

COME WITH THY LUTE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Come with thy lute to the foun - tain, Sing me a song of the moun - tain, Sing of the hap - py and

2 Come where the zephyrs are stray - ing, Where, 'mid the flow - er buds play - ing, Ram - bles the blithe sum - mer

This musical score is for the song 'Come with thy lute'. It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score consists of two systems. The first system contains two staves of music with lyrics. The second system contains two staves of music with lyrics. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

free; Then, while the ray is de - clin - ing, While its last ro - ses are shin - ing,

bee; Let the lone churl in his sor - row; He, who de - spairs of the mor - row;

This musical score continues the song 'Come with thy lute'. It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score consists of two staves of music with lyrics. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

COME WITH THY LUTE.

95

Sweet shall our mel - o - dies be; Un - der the broad lin - den-tree, Un - der the broad lin - den-tree.

Far to his sol - i - tude flee, Un - der the dark cy - press-tree, Un - der the dark cy - press-tree.

AMBOY.

FINE.

Dr. LOWELL MASON,

D.C.

1 { Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea! } 2 All ye na - tions, join and sing, Christ of lords and kings, is King.

Now is come the promis'd hour, Je - sus reigns with sovereign pow'r! Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more!

D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more!

FINE. D.C.

3 { Now the des - ert lands re - joice, And the is - lands join their voice; } 4 Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it ech - o o'er the sea!

Yea, the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of kings!"

D.C.—Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more.

THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 { The sun - beams are glanc - ing o'er for - est and moun - tain, The hill tops are tinged with the last fee - ble ray; }
 { Let's dip in the stream of the bright, flow - ing foun - tain, And steal its sweet vio - lets and li - lies a - way. }

2 { Let's go to the peak where the last sun-beams lin - ger, And gaze on the day - god as calm - ly he sinks; }
 { The lau - rel we'll wreath with our own fai - ry fin - gers, And rob the night-shade of - the dew that it drinks. }

The wild rose and myr - tle their soft leaves are clos - ing, The cow - slip is catch - ing the dew in its bell;

Let's go to the val - ley where dark - ness is wreath - ing, And mock the cool stream as it mur - murs a - long:

THE SUNBEAMS ARE GLANCING. Concluded.

97

The ring - dove and thrush in their nests are re - pos - ing, And young leaves are sigh - ing to day - light fare - well.

Let's count the wild - flow - ers whose o - dors are breath - ing, And make hill and val - ley re - ech - o our song.

This musical score is for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) of the hymn 'The Sunbeams are Glancing'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the staves. The piece concludes with a final chord.

JEWEL.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy! Still in thee let me be found! Still for thee my pray'rs em - ploy.

2 Fount-ain of o'er-flow - ing grace! Free-ly from thy full-ness give; Till I close my earth - ly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firm - ly trust-ing in thy blood, Noth-ing shall my breast confound; Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Im - man-uel's ground.

This musical score is for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Bass) of the hymn 'Jewel' by Frank L. Armstrong. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/2 time. The melody is more complex than the first hymn, featuring some chromaticism and a more dramatic feel. The lyrics are printed below the staves, and the piece concludes with a final chord.

Thus, oh, thus an entrance give To the land of cloud-less sky; Hav-ing known it "Christ to live," Let me know it "gain to die."

SLUMBER ON.

WM. B. BLAKE.

pp *dim.*

1 A song of the night! A song of the night! Slum-ber on, fair, tranquil spir-it; Slum-ber on, while night-winds roam.

pp *dim.*

A song of the night! A song of the night! Slum-ber on, the night is pass-ing; Slum-ber on: Morn-ing will come!

Repeat soft but distinct.

An-gels bend-ing soft-ly o'er thee, Bid thee to dream of heav-en and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heav-en and home.
2 Slumber and dream of heav-en and home.

Chant we now this part-ing meas-ure: Sleep on and dream of heav-en and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heav-en and home.
2 Slumber and dream of heav-en and home.

1 Bid thee to dream of heav-en and home.
2 Slumber and dream of heav-en and home.

1 A-cross the wav - ing fields of grain The shadows fast are fly - ing, And round about the qui - et plain Th'e-ter-nal hills are ly - ing.

2 The earth had treasures of her own, Held close in si - lent keeping; Till spring renewed the bur - ial stone, And wakened what was sleeping.

3 I sit with folded hands and gaze On all this blessed beau-ty, And think of worldly work and ways, Of faith and love and du-ty;

D.C.

Sweet bird song rip - ples from the trees, The brook is id - ly flow - ing, And on the soft ca - res - sing breeze Comes fragrance of the mow-ing.

The summer ri - pens all the land, A - bundant har-vests showing; While fields lie white on ei - ther hand, Al-rea-dy for the mow-ing.

Of what the tender spring-times mean, And what the A-pril's sow-ing; Of all the waiting time between, Till Au - gust brings the mowing.

SACRED MUSIC.



KIEFFER'S CHANT. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Oh, ren-der thanks to God a - bove, The Fountain of e - ter - nal love; Whose mercies firm, thro' a - ges past Hath stood and shall for-ev - er last.

2 Who can his migh - ty deeds ex-press? Not on - ly vast, but num - her - less! What mortal el - o - quence can raise His trib-ute of im-mor - tal praise?

3 Ex-tend to me that fa - vor, Lord, Thou to thy cho - sen dost af - ford; When thou re-turn'st to set them free, Let thy sal - va-tion vis - it me.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

101

1 What va-rious hin - dran-ces we meet, In com - ing to the mer-cy seat! Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be of-ten there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw, Prayer climbs the ladder Ja - cob saw; Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings every blessing from a-bove.

3 Re-strain-ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright, And Sa-tan trem-bles when he sees The weak-est sin - ner on his knees.

LEIGHTON. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies, When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest! How mild - ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gent-ly heaves th'ex-pir-ing breast!

2 So fides a sum-mer cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gen-tly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

3 A ho - ly qui-et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death de-roys; And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his unfettered soul en - joys.

1 O love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear; On thee is cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the wea-ry way we tread, And sor-row crown each lingering year; No path we shun, no darkness tread, Our hearts still whisp'ring thou art near!

3 On thee we fling our burdening woe, O love di-vine, for - ev - er dear; Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing thou art near.

SHOWALTER. L. M.

O. E. POLLOCK.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin dis-tressed, Come, and ac-cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gra-cious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way.

2 Op-pressed with sin, a pain-ful load, Oh, come, and spread your woes a-broad; Di-vine com-pan-sion, mighty love, Will all the pain-ful load re-move.

EUPHRATES. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

103

1 When we our wea-ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud Euphra-tes stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppressed, And Zi-on was our mourn-ful theme.

2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With si-lent strings, ne-glected hung On wil-low trees that with-ered there.

3 How shall we tune our voice to sing, Or touch our harps with skillful hands? Shall hymns of joy to God, our King, Be sung by slaves in for-eign lands?

LAUGHLIN. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Oh, not my own these ver-dant hills, And fruits and flow'rs, and stream and wood, But his who all with glo-ry fills, Who hought me with his pre-cious blood.

2 Oh, not my own this wondrous frame, Its cu-rious work, its liv-ing soul; But his who for my ran-som came: Slain for my sake, he claims the whole.

3 "Oh, not my own!" I'll soar and sing When' life, with all its toils is o'er, And thou thy trembling lamb shalt bring Safe home, to wan-der nev-er more.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1 Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lof - ty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the ra - diant spheres, He, glory like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns a - round him shine.

3 Raised on de - vo - tion's lof - ty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing; And let his praise em - ploy thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

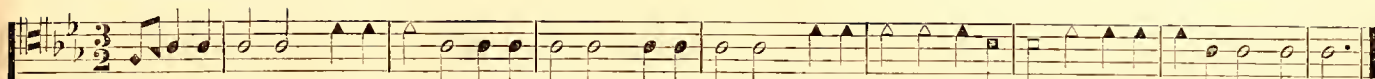
NAUWETA. L. M.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God: Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad; Let all the pow'rs with - in me join In work and worship so di - vine.

2 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done: He owns the ran - som, and for - gives The hor - ly fol - lies of our lives.

3 Let ev'ry land his power con - fess; Let all the earth a - dore his grace; My heart and tongue, with rapture join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.



1 The rose that bloom'd in beauty dies, As fades the light from summer skies; At gentle evening's peaceful close, When night her mantle o'er us throws.



2 So loved ones round us, day by day, Are fading like the rose a-way; And as the bird that droops and dies, They leave and pass beyond the skies.



3 They go to Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom our hopes of heav'n de-pend; We part, 'tis but to meet a - gain At home be-yond this mor - tal ken.



4 Our sainted friends have gone be-fore; Soon we shall leave this earthly shore To join the saints in sweet ac-cord, And be for - ev - er with the Lord.

COMFORT. L. M.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1 I pon-der oft, while here I stay, Up-on that "house not made with hands," And wonder much and sometimes pray For glimpses of the heavenly lands.



2 When wea-ry of earth's bur-dens grown, I long the Fa-ther's face to see, I grasp the prom-i - ses a - lone, For - getting what's re-quired of me.



3 'Tis then the Com-fort - er makes known All things of which the Master spake, Shows me how weak my faith has grown In those commands I dai - ly break.



M 4 "Let not your heart be troubled," Lo! His peace returns with me to dwell: I won-der that I doubted so The love that do - eth all things dwell.

1 God is the ref-uge of his saints When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade; Ere we can of-fer our com-plaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled o-cean roar, In sa-cred peace our souls a-bide; While ev'-ry na-tion, ev'-ry shore Trem-bles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup-plies the ci - ty of our God; Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our di-vine a - bode.

NORMAL. L. M.

E. O. L.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasre still shall I hold dear? Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slnm-ber lie?

2 God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock? He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare his Spir-it grieve!

3 God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in hondage live? I wait, but he does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!

4 God calling yet! I can not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay: Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

COOK. L. M.

C. E. POLLOCK. 107

1 From ev'-ry stor-my wind that blows, From ev'-ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm a sure re-treat; 'Tis found before the mer-cy seat.

2 There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet A-round one common mer-cy seat.

3 There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more; And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, While glory crowns the mercy seat.

HERALD. L. M.

T. J. COOK.

1 Ye Christian heralds go, pro-claim, Sal-va-tion in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 Triumphant Zi-on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Tho' humbled long, a-wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

3 Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy excellence be known; Deck'd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world con-fess.

1 Oh, turn, great Ru-ler of the skies, Turn from my sin thy searching eyes; Nor let th'of-fen-ces of my hand With-in thy book re-cord-ed stand, Within thy book re-cord-ed stand.

2 Give me a will to thine sub-dued, A conscience pure, a soul re-newed: Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom, An outcast from thy presence roam, An out-cast from thy presence roam.

3 Oh, let thy Spir-it to my heart Once more its quick'n'ing aid im-part; My mind from ev'-ry fear re-lease, And soothe my troubled tho'ts to peace, And soothe my troubled tho'ts to peace.

CONCONE. L. M.

Arranged from CONCONE by J. H. T.

1 Blest hour, when mortal man re-tires To hold communion with his God; To send to heav'n his warm de-sires, And lis-ten to the sa-cred word.

2 Blest hour, when earthly cares re-sign Their em-pire o'er his anxious breast; While all a-round the calm di-vine Proclaims the ho-ly day of rest.

3 Hail, peace-ful hour! su-preme-ly blest, A-mid the hours of worldly care; The hour that yields the spir-it rest, That sa-cred hour, the hour of prayer.

OLIVE'S CHANT. L. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

109

With expression.

1 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dim'd that late-ly shone; 'Tis midnight, in the gar-den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a - lone.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all re-moved, The Sa-viour wrestles lone with fears; E'en that dis-ci-ple whom he loved, Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight, and for o - thers guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood; Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sa - ken by his God.

WAITING. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Be-hold a Stranger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still! You treat no o - ther friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely grat-i-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands; Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitnde di-vine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine; That soul-de-stry-ing monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Oh, sweet-ly breathe,

The lyres a - bove,

1 Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a - bove Wheu an - gels touch the quivering string, the quivering string.

2 And sweet on earth, The cho - ral swell, From mor - tal tongue, of glad - some lays, of glad - some lays.

3 Je - sus, thy name our souls a - dore; We own the bond that makes us thine, that makes us thine:

And wake to chant Im - man - uel's love, Such strains as an - gel lips can sing.

When par - doned souls their raptures tell, And grate - ful hymn Im - man - uel's praise.

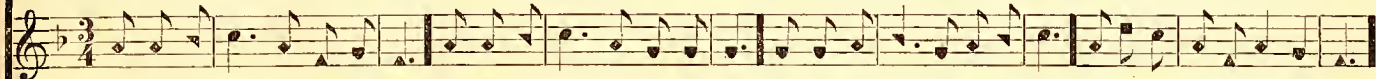
And ear - nal joys that charmed be - fore, For thy dear sake we now re - sign.



1 E - ter - nal Source of ev' - ry joy, We'll may thy name our lips em - ploy, While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year.



2 The flow'ry spring, at thy command, Embalms the air, and paints the land; The summer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.



3 Seas - ons and months and weeks and days De - mand suc - cessive songs of praise; And be the grate - ful homage paid, With morning light and evening shade.



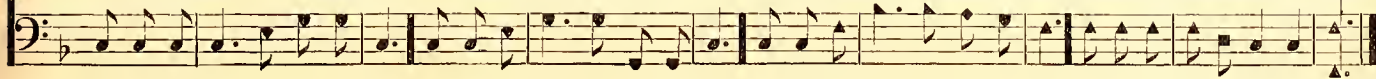
Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand supports the steady pole; The sun is taught by thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.



Thy hand in au - tumn rich - ly pours Thro' all our coasts a - bund - ant stores; And winters, softened by thy care, No more a drear - y as - pect wear.



Here in thy house let in - ceuse rise, And cir - cling Sah - baths bless our eyes; Till to those lof - ty heights we soar Where days and years revolve no more.



1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gra-cious Master and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim; To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of thy name.

3 Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

ASHVILLE. C. M.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1 Far from these nar-row scenes of night, Un-bound-ed glo-ries rise, And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor-tal eyes.

2 Fair, dis-tant land! could mor-tal eyes But half its charms ex-plore, How would our spir-its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!

3 Pre-pare us, Lord, by grace di-vine, For thy bright courts on high; Then bid our spir-its rise and join The cha-rus of the sky.

HOME, C. M. D.

FINE.

By per, R. M. McINTOSH, 113
D. C.

1 { Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh: When will the mo - ment come, } No tran-qui joys on earth I know, No peace-ful sheltering dome;
d. c.—This world's a wil - der-ness of woe; This world is not my home.

2 { To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam, } Wea - ry of wand'-ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom,
d. c.—I But fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd con - duct me home!
d. c.—I long to leave th' un-hal-low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

SOLITUDE, C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 I love to steal a while a - way, From ev'-ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of sett-ing day In bumble, grate - ful prayer.

2 I love to think on mer-cies past, And future aid im - plore; And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.

3 I love, by faith, to take a view, Of brighter scenes in heaven; The prospect doth my strength re-new, While here by tempests driven.

MEDITATION. C. M.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 As o'er the past my mem'ry strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh? 'Tis that I mourn de - part - ed days, Yet un - pre - pared to die.

2 The world and world-ly things beloved, My anxious thoughts employed; And time, un - hal - lowed, un - im - proved, Presents a fear - ful void.

3 Yet, ho - ly Fa - ther, wild de - spair Chase from my lah'ring breast; Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer: Thy grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all he thine; And when thy sure de - cree Bids me this fleet - ing breath re - sign, Oh, speed my soul to thee.

STRATHMORE. C. M.

By per. B. C. UNSELD.

1 As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heated in the chase So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirsty soul doth pine; Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine?

3 I sigh to think of hap - pier days, When thou, O Lord, wast nigh; When ev' - ry heart was tuned to praise, And none more hlest than I.

INVOCATION. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

115

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach im - mor - tal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal tongues, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

BELMONT. C. M.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 My God, my Fa - ther, bliss - ful name! Oh, may I call thee mine? May I with sweet as - su - rance claim A por - tion so di - vine?

3 What - e'er thy sa - cred will or - dains, Oh, give me strength to bear! And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust his ten - der care.

1 When ver - dure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in ev - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered war - blers sing, 'Tis Na - ture's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

3 O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heavenly gifts im - part; Then shall my med - i - ta - tion trace Spring, blooming in my heart.

4 In - spired to praise, I then shall join Glad Na - ture's cheer - ful song; And love and grat - i - tude di - vine At - tend my joy - ful tongue.

PRIOR. C. M.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1 Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Salutes my waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules the skies,

2 'Tis he supports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

3 Great God, let all my hours be thine, While I en - joy the light; Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a peaceful night.

MOOAR. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

117

1 In all my vast con-cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try, To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee The no-tice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight sur-veys My ris-ing and my rest; My puh-lic walks, my pri-vate ways, And se-crets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lieo - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed with-in; And ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.

GIBSON. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 A - gain the Lord of life and light A-wakes the kind - ling ray, Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours re - ful - gent day.

3 This day be grate - ful homage paid, And lond ho - san - nas sung; Let glad-ness dwell in ev' - ry breast, And praise on ev' - ry tongue.

3 Ten thou-sand, thou-sand lips shall join, To hail this hap - py morn, Which scatters bless-ings from its wings On nations yet nn-born.

BRADFORD. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL.

1 I know that my Re-deem-er lives, 'And ev-er prays for me: A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.

2 I find him lifting up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near; His presence makes me free in-deed, And he will soon ap-pear.

3 He wills that I should ho-ly be! What can with-stand his will? The coun-sel of his grace in me, He sure-ly shall ful-fill.

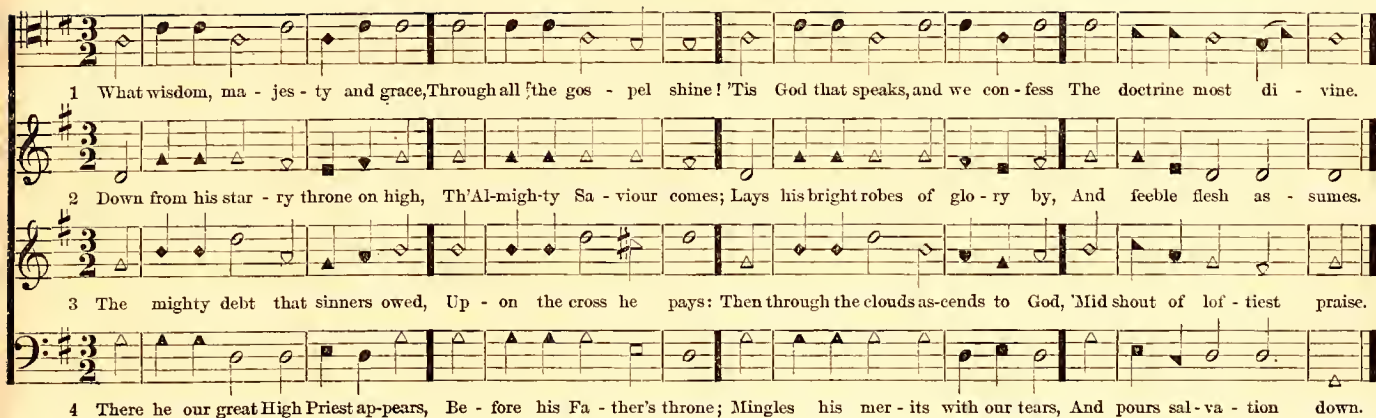
MATTIE. C. M.

L. C. EVERETT.

1 Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell, With all your feeble light; Farewell, thou ev-er-changing moon, Pale empress of the night, Pale em-press of the night.

2 And thou re-ful-gent orb of day, In bright-er flames arrayed; My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more de-mands thy aid, No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust Of my di-vine a-bode, The pavement of those heavenly courts, Where I shall see my God, Where I shall see my God.



1 What wisdom, ma - jes - ty and grace, Through all the gos - pel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we con - fess The doctrine most di - vine.

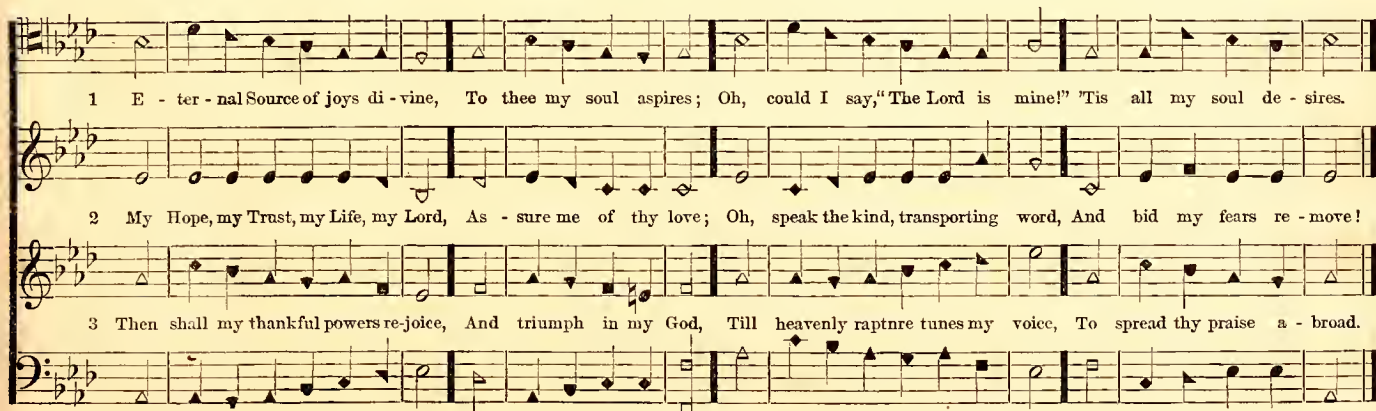
2 Down from his star - ry throne on high, Th'Al-migh - ty Sa - viour comes; Lays his bright robes of glo - ry by, And feeble flesh as - sumes.

3 The mighty debt that sinners owed, Up - on the cross he pays: Then through the clouds as - cends to God, 'Mid shout of lof - tiest praise.

4 There he our great High Priest ap - pears, Be - fore his Fa - ther's throne; Mingles his mer - its with our tears, And pours sal - va - tion down.

ST. NICHOLAS. C. M.

Dr. WM. HAVERGAL,



1 E - ter - nal Source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul aspires; Oh, could I say, "The Lord is mine!" 'Tis all my soul de - sires.

2 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh, speak the kind, transporting word, And bid my fears re - move!

3 Then shall my thankful powers re - joice, And triumph in my God, Till heavenly raptre tunes my voice, To spread thy praise a - broad.

CLARA. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 If on a quiet sea, Toward heav'n we calm - ly sail; With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fav' - ring gale.

2 But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sor - row, kind the storm, Which drives us near - er home.

3 Teach us, in ev' - ry state, To make thy will our own; And, when the joys of seuse de - part, To live by faith a - lone.

LIZZIE. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 How sweet to bless the Lord, And in his prais - es join; With saints his good - ness to re - cord, And sing his power di - vine!

2 These sea - sons of de - light The dawn of glo - ry seem; Like rays of pure, ce - lest - ial light, Which on our spir - its beam.

3 But oh, the bliss sublime, When joy shall be complete, In that un - clond - ed glorious clime, Where all thy servants meet.

1 Be-gin, my soul, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works of mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King.

2 His ve-ry word of grace is strong As that which built the skies; The voice that rolls the stars a - long, Speaks all the prom - is - es.

JEFFERSON. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY,

1 Thy home is with the humble, Lord! The sim - plest are the best; Thy lodging is in childlike hearts; Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Com - fort - er! e - ter - nal Love! If thou wilt stay with me, Of low - ly thoughts and simple ways I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine But thou, my heavenly Guest? Let no one have it, then, but thee, And let it be thy rest!

LABAN. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er, Re - new it bold-ly ev' - ry day, And help divine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the viet'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down: The work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.

ENNIS. S. M.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.

2 In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal - va-tion shone Through all her pal - a - ces.

3 In ev' - ry new dis - tress, We'll to his house re - pair; We'll think up-on his wondrous grace, And seek de - liv' - rance there.

CLOSING HOUR. S. M.

By per, J. H. LESLIE.

123

1 Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev' - ry heart Up - ou thy word of truth and power, To keep us when we part.

2 Through changes bright or drear, We would thy will pur - sue; And toil to spread thy kingdom here, Till we its glo - ry view.

3 To God, the on - ly wise, In ev' - ry age a - dored; Let glo - ry from the church a - rise, Through Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

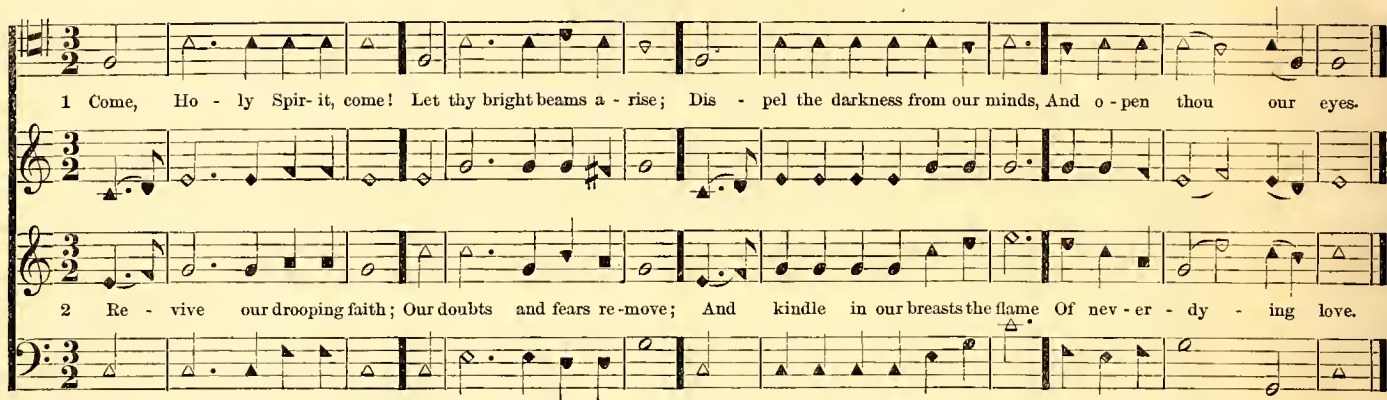
ROSECRANS. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; His grace to thee pro - claim; And all that is with-in me, join To bless his ho - ly name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul; His mer - cies bear in mind; For - get not all his ben - e - fits: The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not al - ways chide; Ho will with pa - tience wait; His wrath is ev - er slow to rise, And rea - dy to a - bate.



1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let thy bright beams a - rise; Dis - pel the darkness from our minds, And o - pen thou our eyes.

2 Re - vive our drooping faith; Our doubts and fears re - move; And kindle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.

THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL.



1 To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh, let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes re - joice.

2 Thy mer - cies and thy love, O Lord, re - call to mind; And gra - cious - ly con - tin - ue still, As thou wert ev - er, kind.

1 A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

2 Arm me with jeal-ous care, As in thy sight to live; And oh, thy ser-vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict æ-count to give.

3 Help me to watch and pray, And on thy-self re-ly; As-sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for-ev-er die.

GERAR. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1 Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de-signs to serve and please, Through all their ac-tions run.

2 Blest is the pi-ous house Where zeal and friend-ship meet, Their songs of praise, their min-gled vows, Make their com-mun-ion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills, The saints are blessed a-bove; Where joy, like morn-ing dew, dis-tills, And all the air is love.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine and I am his, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?

2 He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows; Where liv-ing wa-ters gently pass, And full sal - va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3 If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name, For his most ho - ly name.

VANDALIA. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Enthroned is Je - sus now Up - on his heaven - ly seat; The kingly crown is on his brow; The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand, A great and connt - less throng; A palmy seep - tre in each hand, On ev' - ry lip a song.

3 They sing the Lamh of God, Once slain on earth for them; The Lamb thro' whose a-ton-ing blood Each wears his di - a - dem.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus surround the throne.

2 The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heaven - ly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.

3 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev' - ry tear be dry We're march - ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

CALISTOGA. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 One sweet - ly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; Near - er my part - ing hour am I, Than e'er I was be - fore, Than e'er I was be - fore.

2 Near - er my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Near - er the throne where Jesus reigns, Near - er the crystal sea, Near - er the crystal sea.

3 Near - er my go - ing home, Lay - ing the bur - den down; Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wear - ing my star - ry crown, Wearing my star - ry crown.

1 Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and he un-dis-mayed; God bears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.

2 Still heavy is thy heart? Still sink thy spir-its down? Cast off the night, let fear de-part, And ev'-ry care be gone.

Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen-tly clears the way; Wait thou his time, so shall the night Soon end in joy-ous day.

Far, far a-bove thy thought, His coun-sel shall ap-pear; When ful-ly he the work hath wrought That caused thy need-less fear.

1 The Lord is risen in-deed; The grave hath lost its prey; With him shall rise the ransomed seed, To reign in end-less day.

2 The Lord is risen in-deed; At-tend-ing an-gels hear; Up to the courts of heaven with speed The joy-ful tid-ings bear.

The Lord is risen in-deed: He lives to die no more; He lives his peo-ple's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.

Then take your gold-en lyres, And strike each cheer-ful chord; Join all the bright ce-les-tial choirs, To sing our ris-en Lord.

1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heav'n - ly plains, And ser - aphs find em - ploy For their snb - lim - est strains:

2 Hark! hark! the sonnd draws nigh, The joy - ful host de - scends; Je - sus forsakes the sky, To earth his foot - steps bends:

3 Strike, strike the harps a - gain, To greet Im - man - uel's name! A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace pro - claim:

Some new de - light in heav'n is known; Loud ring the harps a - round the throne, Loud ring the harps a - round the throne.

He comes to hless our fall - en race; He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace, He comes with mes - sa - ges of grace.

An - gels and men, wake ev' - ry string, 'Tis God the Sa - viour's praise we sing! 'Tis God the Sa - viour's praise we sing!

1 O Zi - on, tune thy voice, And raise thy hands on high; Tell all the earth thy joys,

2 He gilds thy mourn - ing face With beams that can - not fade; His all - re - splen - dent grace
And hoast sal - va - tion nigh. Cheer - ful in God, a - rise and shine, While rays di - vine stream all a - broad.
He pours a - round thy head. The na - tions round thy form shall view, With lus - tre new di - vine - ly crowned.

1 Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift up your

2 Je - sus, the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove:

3 His king - dom can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given:

The first system of the musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). It consists of three staves. The first staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second staff contains a piano accompaniment. The third staff contains a bass line. The lyrics are: '1 Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more: Lift up your', '2 Je - sus, the Saviour reigns, The God of truth and love; When he had purged our stains, He took his seat a - bove:', and '3 His king - dom can - not fail; He rules o'er earth and heaven; The keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given:'.

hearts, . . . Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, . . . Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, . . . Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of four staves. The first staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The second staff contains a piano accompaniment. The third staff contains a bass line. The lyrics are: 'hearts, . . . Lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.', 'Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, . . . Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.', 'Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, Re - joice, a - gain, . . . I say, re - joice.', and 'Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice, . . . Re - joice, a - gain, I say, re - joice.'.

EMERICK. 7s.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

133



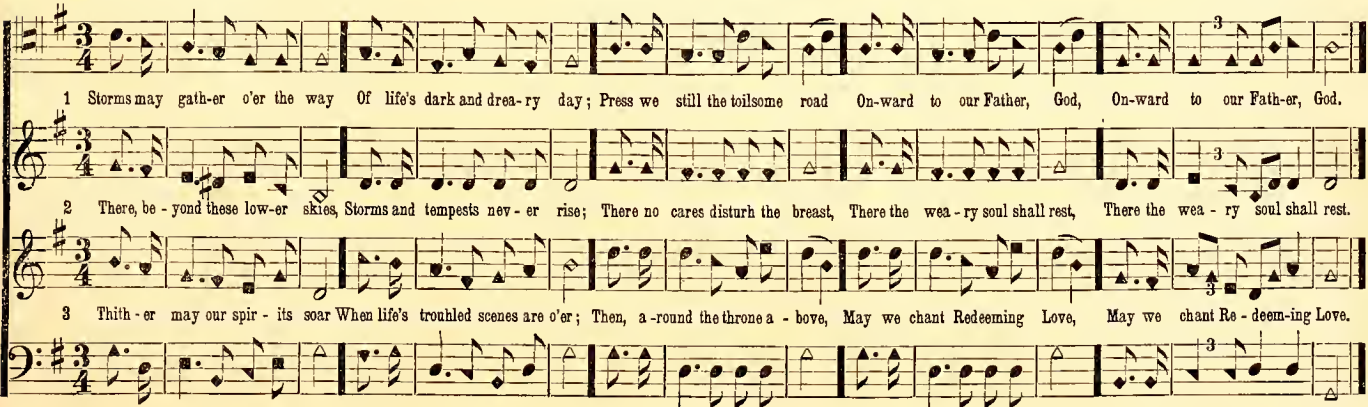
1 Hear and save me, gra-cious Lord, For my trust is in thy word; Wash me from the stain of sin, That thy peace may rule with-in.

2 Leave me not my strength to trust; Oh, re-mem-ber I'm but dust; Leave me not a - gain to stray, Leave me not the tempter's prey.

Words by M. D. RANDALL.

RANDALL. 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.



1 Storms may gath-er o'er the way Of life's dark and drea-ry day; Press we still the toilsome road On-ward to our Father, God, On-ward to our Fath-er, God.

2 There, be - yond these low-er skies, Storms and tempests nev - er rise; There no cares disturb the breast, There the wea - ry soul shall rest, There the wea - ry soul shall rest.

3 Thith - er may our spir - its soar When life's trouhled scenes are o'er; Then, a - round the throne a - bove, May we chant Redeeming Love, May we chant Re - deem-ing Love.

1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

2 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone;

3 While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,

From Thy wound - ed side that flowed, Be of sin the per - fect cure, Cleanse from guilt and make me pure.

Thou must save, and Thou a - lone! Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.

See Thee on thy jndg - ment throne, - Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

WELCOME. 7s. Double.

G. W. LINTON.

135
D.C.

FINE.

1 { Welcome, wel- come day of rest, To the world in kind - ness given; } Day of soft and sweet re - pose; Gen - tly now the moments run,
D. c. - As the peace- ful streamlet flows, Ra- diant with a sum - mer's sun.

2 { Day of tt - dings from the skies, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer, } Welcome, wel- come day of rest, With thy in - fluence all di - vine:
D. c. - May thy hal - lowed hours be blest To this fee - ble heart of mine.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.
D.C.

FINE.

1 { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, } Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past.
D. c. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 { Oth - er ref - nge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: } All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;
D. c. - Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of thy wing.

1 Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art might-y; Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 O-pen thou the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fire-y, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my journey through.

3 When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anxious fears sub-side; Bear me through the swell-ing cur-rent; Land me safe on Canaan's side.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. JONES.

1 Si-lent-ly the shades of even-ing Gath-er round my lone-ly door; Si-lent-ly they bring he-fore me Fa-cies I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the un-for-got-ten, Though the world be oft for-got; Oh, the shrouded and the lone-ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.

3 How such ho-ly mem'-ries clus-ter, Like the stars, when storms are past; Pointing up to yon fair ha-ven, We may hope to gain at last.

TRIBUTE. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

137

1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Pleasant as the air of even - ing, When it floats a - mong the trees.

2 Peaceful he thy si - lent slum - ber, — Peaceful in the grave so low: Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled; Then in heaven with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

HOWARD. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Sa - viour, breathe an evening bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly, An - gel guards from thee surround us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And command us to the tomb, May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in hright, e - ter - nal bloom!

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

By per. O. C. CONVERSE.

1 What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry Ev' - ry - thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y - where? We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care? Pre - cious Saviour, still our Ref - uge, - Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we hear; All because we do not car - ry Ev' - ry - thing to God in prayer.

Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share? Je - sus knows our ev' - ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thon wilt find a sol - ace there.

1 She is sleeping, calmly sleeping, In a new-made grave to-day; We are weeping, sad-ly weeping, For the darling gone a-way.

2 She is sing - ing sweetly sing - ing, In the par - a-dise a - bove, Where ce - lest - ial courts are ring - ing With the mel - ody of love.

3 She is bloom - ing, brightly blooming, 'Mid the fair - est flowers of light, In the gar - den of sweet E - den Where the flow - ers never blight.

4 She is waiting, ev - er wait - ing, For the friends she loved the best, And she'll gladly hail their coming, To the mansions of the blest.

One by one the gentle Shep-herd Gathers lambs from ev'ry fold, Folds them to His loving bosom With a ten - der-ness un-told.

One by one the Saviour gathers Earthly min - strels for his own, And our Maud has joined the chorus Of the an - gels round the throne.

'One by one the Fa-ther gath-ers Choicest flow - ers, rich and rare, And transplants them in His garden; They will bloom for-ev - er there.

One by one the Lord will call us, As our la-bor here is done; And then as we cross the riv - er, We may meet her one by one.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1 Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross, That rais - eth me;

2 Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone.

3 There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that thou send - est me In mer - cy given;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first staff is a soprano line in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains the melody for the first line of the hymn. The second staff is an alto line, the third is a tenor line, and the fourth is a bass line. Each staff contains the corresponding vocal or instrumental part for the first system, with lyrics written below the notes.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

This musical system continues the hymn with four staves. It follows the same notation as the first system, with a soprano, alto, tenor, and bass line. The lyrics for the second system are written below the notes.

HEAR, OH, HEAR ME.

J. H. ROSEGRANS.

141

1 Hear, oh, hear me, pity - ing Fa - ther; Bow thine ear nn - to my cry; Long I've wan - dered,

2 Lord, I mer - it but thine an - ger; Just in - deed thy wrath would be, But, O Lord, re-

3 Sin and Sa - tan long have held me In vile hond - age; set me free; Take my heart in-

4 Ma - ny years I've wan - dered from thee, Leav - ing work for thee un - done; But in mer - cy,

oh, for - give me; Save me, Fa - ther, or I die, Save me, Fa - ther, or I die.

mem - her mer - cy; Cast me not a - way from thee, Cast me not a - way from thee.

to thy keep - ing; Let me now thy ser - vant be, Let me now thy ser - vant be.

Lord, for - give me, For the sake of thy dear Son, For the sake of thy dear Son.

GATHERING SEED.

J. H. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

1 { Out on the highways, wher-ev-er you go, Seed we must gather, and seed we must sow; } That which we gather is that which we sow,
E-ven the ti-ni-est seed has a power, Be it a thistle or be it a flower.

2 { Out of each mo-ment some good we ob-tain, Something to winnow and scat-ter a-gain; }
All that we lis-ten to, all that we read, All that we think of is gath-er-ing seed.

3 { Gath-er-ing seed we must scat-ter as well; God will watch o-ver the place where it fell; }
On-ly the gain of the har-vest is ours; Shall we plant net-tles, or shall we plant flowers? } That which we gather is that which we sow,

Seed-time and harvest al-ter-nate-ly flow; When we have finish'd with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

Seed-time and harvest al-ter-nate-ly flow; When we have finished with time 'twill be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.

1 'Tis sweet, blest Lord, when breaks the ro - sy morn - ing, Wak - ing, to feel that I am still with thee;

2 A - bid with me to cheer me and to strengthen; Sus - tain me, for I am so weak and faint.

3 Still, still with thee, when pur - ple morn is break - ing, 'Tis sweet, blest Sa - viour, to a - bid with thee;

This musical system consists of four staves. The first staff is a soprano line with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is an alto line with a treble clef. The third staff is a tenor line with a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass line with a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the soprano line, the second line to the alto line, and the third line to the tenor line. The bass line has no lyrics.

Each hour to thee my wea - ry heart is turn - ing; Oh, let thy pres - ence still a - bid with me.

Shouldst thou for - sake me ere the shad - ows length - en, Ah! whith - er should I go with my com - plaint.

Be with me, Lord, through all my hours of wak - ing; And when the night comes, still a - bid with me.

This musical system consists of four staves, continuing from the first system. The staves are soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. The time signature remains 3/4. The lyrics continue on the same lines as the first system. The second system ends with a double bar line.

TELL IT AGAIN.

By per. R. M. McINTOSH.

1 In - to the tent where a gyp - sy boy lay Dy - ing a - lone, at the close of the day, News of sal - va - tion we

2 "Did He so love me, — a poor lit - tle hoy? Send un - to me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? My

3 Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the val - ley of death; "God sent his Son; — who - so

4 Smi - ling, he said, as his last sigh was spent: "I am so glad that for me he was sent;" Whisper'd, while low sank the

REFRAIN.

car - ried. Said he, "No - bo - dy ev - er has told it to me!" Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

hand will he hold? No - bo - dy ev - er the sto - ry has told." Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

ev - er?" said he: "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!" Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

sun in the west, "Lord, I be - lieve: tell it now to the rest." Tell it a - gain! Tell it a - gain!

TELL IT AGAIN. Concluded.

145

Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men; "No - bo - dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

Sal - va - tion's sto - ry re - peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the children of men; "No - bo - dy ev - er has told me be - fore."

OSCALA. L. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Gen - tly, my Sa - viour, let me down To slum - ber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a - lone, E'en till my last ex - pir - ing breath.

2 Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en - ter end - less rest: There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name, for - ev - er blest.

3 Bid me pos - sess sweet peace with - in; Let child - like pa - tience keep my heart; Then shall I feel my heaven be - gin, Be - fore my spir - it* hence de - part.

SWEET HALL.

1 Look be - yond, my soul, and see Zi - on's ci - ty fair; 'Gleam - ing, ra - dant as the sun, Free from pain and care.

2 Lo, tby Cap - tain, Je - sus, leads Forth to realms of rest; Vic - tor's wreath shall bind thy brow, In his man - sions blest;

Lo, the race is al - most run! Life's fierce strife will soon be done! Glorious rest will soon be won! Yield not to de - spair.

There with saints and an - gels fair, Free from ev' - ry earth-born care, Thou shalt end-less pleasure share, On his lov - ing breast.

1 Op-pressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee; Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!

2 Be - neath that cross clear wa-ters burst, A fountain spark-ling, free, And there I quench my de-sert thirst; No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent Be-neath this spread-ing tree; Here shall my pil - grim life be spent; No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a rest-ing-place Be - side that cross I see; I here cast off my wea - ri-ness; No rest like this for me!

No shade like this for me! No shade like this for me! Be - neath its shel-ter take my seat; No shade like this for me!

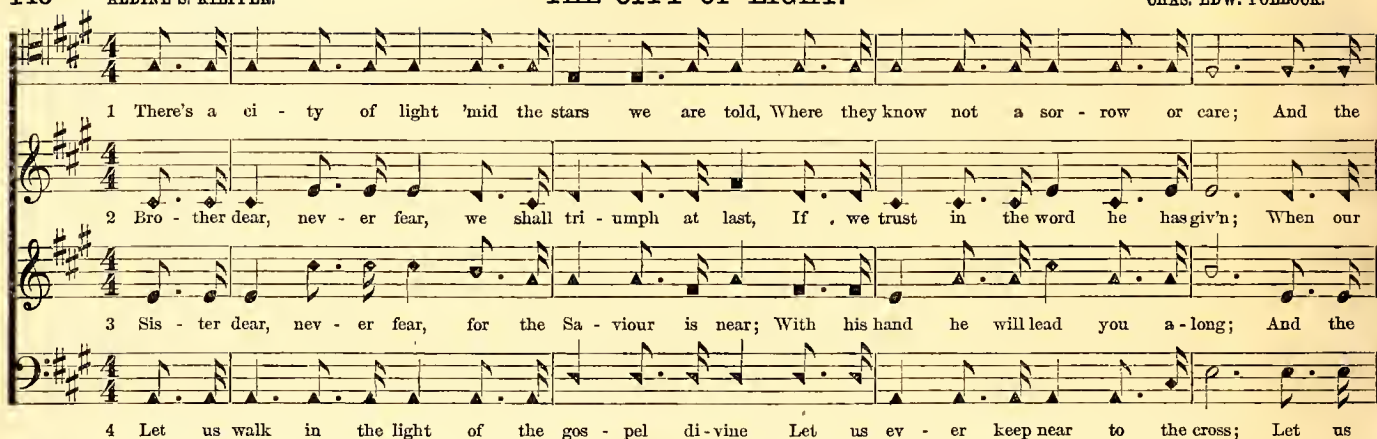
No spring like this for me! No spring like this for me! And there I quench my des - ert thirst; No spring like this for me!

No home like this for me! No home like this for me! Here shall my pil - grim life be spent; No home like this for me!

No rest like this for me! No rest like this for me! I here cast off my wea - ri - ness; No rest like this for me!

THE CITY OF LIGHT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




1 There's a ci - ty of light 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sor - row or care; And the

2 Bro - ther dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at last, If , we trust in the word he has giv'n; When our

3 Sis - ter dear, nev - er fear, for the Sa - viour is near; With his hand he will lead you a - long; And the

4 Let us walk in the light of the gos - pel di - vine Let us ev - er keep near to the cross; Let us



gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the build - ing ex - ceed - ing - ly fair.

tri - als and toils, and our weep - ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.

way that is dark Christ will gra - cious - ly clear, And your mourn - ing shall turn to a song.

love, watch, and pray in our pil - grim - age here; Let us count all things else but as loss.

Let us pray for each o - ther, Let us pray for each other; Nor faint by the way, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor-row, this

Let us pray for each oth - - - er; Nor faint by the way, In this sad world of

Let us pray for each oth - er, let us pray for each other; Nor faint by the way, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor-row, this

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It contains a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and the same key signature, containing the lyrics. The third staff is another vocal line with a treble clef and the same key signature, also containing lyrics. The fourth staff is a vocal line with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing lyrics. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

sad world of sor - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

sor - - - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

sad world of sor - row and care; For that home is so bright and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a piano accompaniment with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It contains a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The second staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and the same key signature, containing the lyrics. The third staff is another vocal line with a treble clef and the same key signature, also containing lyrics. The fourth staff is a vocal line with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing lyrics. The fifth staff is a piano accompaniment with a bass clef and the same key signature, containing a continuous melody of eighth and sixteenth notes.

REST IN HEAVEN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Af - ter the toil and tur - moil, Af - ter the strife is past, Com - eth the peace God giv - eth, Com - eth the rest at last.

2 They who have fought and con - quered, Waging a war with sin, In - to the heav - en - ly ci - ty, Glad - ly will en - ter in.

3 Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel - ter for all the lost; And in the bless - ed ha - ven, An - chor the tem - pest - toss'd.

CHORUS.

Rest, . . . sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil and pain, Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors, vic - tors gain.

Rest, sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil and pain; Sleep for the well he - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors, vic - tors gain.

Rest . . . sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil and pain; Sleep for the well be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors gain.

HARK! TO THE SOLEMN BELL.

GEO. BAKER.

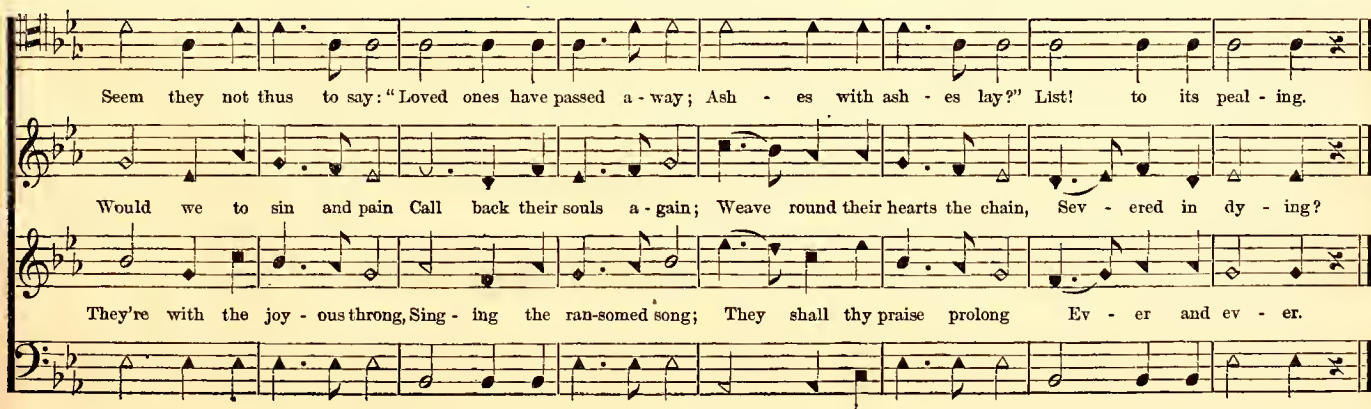
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1 Hark! to the sol - emn bell, Mourn - ful - ly peal - ing; What do its wail - ings tell, On the ear steal - ing?

2 When in their lone - ly beds Loved ones are ly - ing; When joy - ful wings are spread, To heav - en fly - ing;

3 No, dear - est Je - sus, no! To thee, their Sa - viour, Let their free spir - its go; Ran - somed for - ev - er!



Seem they not thus to say: "Loved ones have passed a - way; Ash - es with ash - es lay?" List! to its peal - ing.

Would we to sin and pain Call back their souls a - gain; Weave round their hearts the chain, Sev - ered in dy - ing?

They're with the joy - ous throng, Sing - ing the ran - somed song; They shall thy praise prolong Ev - er and ev - er.

MY ANCHOR IS HOLDING.

By psr J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sweet Hope, the an - chor of my soul, Enters within the vail; Rests in the Sa-viour's dy - ing love; Fears not the wild - est gale.

2 My life's frail bark is of - ten tossed, High on the moun-tain waves; Steadfast and snre my an - chor holds, Firm on the Rock that saves.

3 Fair heav - en's dome is just in view, Beau-ti - ful gold - en land! Soon I shall reach its gates of pearl, Walk on its shin - ing strand.

CHORUS.

My an-chor is holding, is hold - ing, Within the vail, My an-chor is hold-ing, is hold - ing; It will not fail.

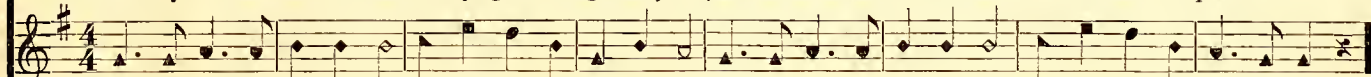
My an-chor is holding, is hold - ing, Within the vail; My an-chor is holding, is hold - ing; It will not fail.



1 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Light and life in ev' - ry line; Light for all who Christ re - ceive; Life for all who will be - lieve.



2 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of truth! On - ly guide for age and youth; All who search are sure to find Rest of soul and peace of mind;



3 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of God! For mankind the on - ly code; And its laws we must o - bey; Heed its precepts day by day.

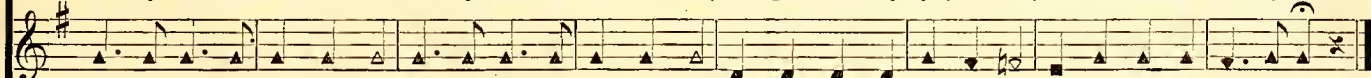


4 Ho - ly Bi - ble! spir - it's sword! Sto - ry of our bless - ed Lord; Chart to guide me to the skies, Where a - waits the glo - ry prize.

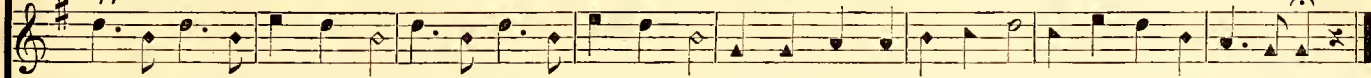
CHORUS. *ff*



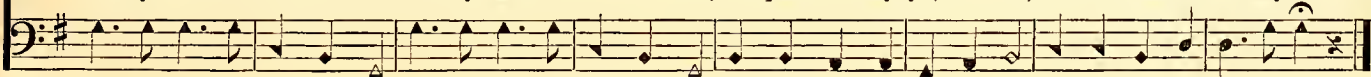
Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless - ed book! Now by faith in thee I look; O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the won - ders of thy word.



ff



Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless - ed book! Now by faith in thee I look; O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the wonders of thy word.



CHEER ME ON MY WAY.

E. A. KINZIE.

1 The love of Je - sus, so warm to me, Cheers me on my way; Know-ing his prom-ises firm shall be, Cheers me on my way.

2 This thought so blessed, so full of love, Cheers me on my way; The thought of heav-en and rest a - bove, Cheers me on my way.

3 The blessed prom-i - ses of his word, Cheer me on my way; That I shall rest with my blessed Lord, Cheers me on my way.

He who gave his life, that I Might find rest be-yond the sky, That I'll see him by and by, Cheers me on my way.

With that grand im-mor - tal choir, I shall sweep the tune - ful lyre; Oh, the thought, like heav'nly fire, Cheers me on my way.

Oh, the boundless love and grace That now beams in Je - sus' face, Best as-sur-ance of his grace, Cheers me on my way.

CHEER ME ON MY WAY. Concluded.

155

CHORUS.

Cheer me on my way, my way, Cheer me on my way; That I'll see him by and by, Cheers me on the way, the way.

Cheers me on my way, Cheers me on my way; That I'll see him by and by, Cheers me on my way.

SOMERVILLE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov-ing must thou be; To leave thy home in heav'n, to guard A lit-tle child like me.

2 I can - not feel thee touch my hand, With pressure light and mild, To check me as my mother did When I was but a child.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Re-buk-ing sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Sa-viour, I kneel down Morning and nights to prayer, Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me thou art there.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

By per FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 When to the earth I am hid - ding a - dieu, And, in the distance, the mes - sen - ger see, 'Twill not be dark - ness my

2 Je - sus, who suffered and died for my sake, Then will my Stay and my Com - fort - er be: Heav - en's bright dawn on my

3 Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth! Je - sus is ten - der - ly set - ting me free! Glo - ry is break - ing, and

CHORUS.

soul go-eth through; There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley,

vis - ion shall break; There will be light in the val-ley for me.

heav - en has birth! There will be light in the val-ley for me. Light in the val-ley, Light in the val-ley,

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. Concluded.

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There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the valley, Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me.

There will be light in the valley for me; Light in the valley, Light in the valley, There will be light in the valley for me.

JUST AS I AM.

KARL REDAN.

1 Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou hid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am; thou wilt receive, Wilt wel-come, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-cause thy promise I helieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

THE LOVELY LAND.

By per. Rev. ROBERT LOWEY.

1 There is a land of pure de-light Where saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fin - ite day excludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.

2 There ev - er - last-ing spring a-hides, And nev - er-with'-ring flowers; Death, like a nar-row sea, di - vides This heav-en - ly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green; So 'to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between.

CHORUS.

Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land o - ver Jor - dan's foam! On the gold-en strand wait the hap-py, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed home.

Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land o - ver Jor-dan's foam! On the gold-en strand wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.

1 Je-sus, Mas-ter, whose I am, Purchased, thine a-lone to be, By thy blood, O spot-less Lamb! Shed so will-ing-ly for me:

2 Oth-er lords have long held sway; Now, thy name a-lone to bear, Thy dear voice a-lone o-bey, Is my dai-ly, hour-ly prayer.

3 Je-sus, Mas-ter, I am thine! Keep me faith-ful, keep me near; Let thy pres-ence in me shine, All my homeward way to cheer.

Let my heart be all thine own, Let me live to thee a-lone; Let my heart be all thine own, Let me live to thee a-lone.

Whom have I in heav'n but thee? Nothing else my joy can be; Whom have I in heaven but thee? Nothing else my joy can be.

Je-sus, at thy feet I fall; Oh, be thou my All in all; Je-sus, at thy feet I fall; Oh, be thou my All in all.

AT JESUS' FEET.

1 I have found a rest complete For a wea - ry, trouhled soul, Where the hil - lows of life's sea Nev - er o'er the spir - it roll;

2 Sin - ners, come, there's room for all, From thy heav - y load he freed; Come, ye friendless, wea - ry one, Find a Friend for ev' - ry need.

3 Here is par - don for each sin; Here is mer - cy, sure and free; Hear Him, o'er thy hearts wild din, Sweet - ly call - ing, "Come to me."

At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,—At the feet of Je - sus slain, At the feet of Je - sus.

Wea - ry, trouhled, and op - pressed, All may find e - ter - nal rest With that Sa - viour, ev - er hlest, At the feet of Je - sus.

Come with all thy sin and fear; Lay thy ev' - ry hur - den here; And in joy for - e'er ap - pear At the feet of Je - sus.

AT JESUS' FEET. Concluded.

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At his feet, oh, blessed spot! His love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je - sus.

At his feet, oh, blessed spot!

At his feet, oh, blessed spot! His love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je - sus.

BAKER. S. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 How gen - tle God's commands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care

2 His boun - ty will pro - vide; His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That hand which hears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

3 Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Oh, seek your heav'n - ly Fath - er's throne, And peace and com - fort find.

T

GATHERING HOME WITHIN THE VAIL.

Harmonized by R. K. MOORE,
From "New Melodies of Praise," by per.

1 Time, like a stream, is glid - ing by; We're on its shore to - day; A mo - ment more, and we may pass From mor - tal sight a - way.

2 Thus, one by one our friends have passed; Thro' pearly gates they glide, Where gath'ring hosts of loved ones meet, Far o'er the riv - er tide.

3 This land of rest is hid from view; Tho' gen - tle airs, so calm, Oft steal - ing from that view - less shore, Bring us their breath of balm.

4 We're gath'ring home with - in the vail, Its heavenly joys to share; What glorious greet - ings will be ours, To meet our loved ones there!

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet be - yond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

We're gath - er - ing, we're gath - er - ing On life's ce - les - tial shore; We soon shall meet beyond the stream, Shall meet to part no more.

1 Like a soldier brave, his land to save, Cour-age high and ar - mor bright; Push with vig-or on, and with your might Now ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

2 For-ward to the fight, strong in the right; Fier-cely must the bat - the rage; Vic't'ry will be ours, if we en - gage To ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

3 We must con-quer sin, if we would win Laurels for the vic-tor's brow; Then with Christ our Cap-tain, firm - ly now We'll ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

4 When the con-flict's o'er, on Jor - dan's shore, Numbered with the vet' - ran band, In our Cap-tain's ranks we hope to stand, So ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

CHORUS.

Vir-tue your watchword, March firmly onward; Stray not from wisdom's way; An-gels from a-bove Will watch with love; Then ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

Vir-tue your watchword, March firmly onward; Stray not from wisdom's way; But remember that the An-gels from a-bove Will watch with love; Then ral-ly for the right, boys, ral-ly!

PRAISE GOD.

WILL D. THOMPSON.
From "Chorus Class," by per.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low;

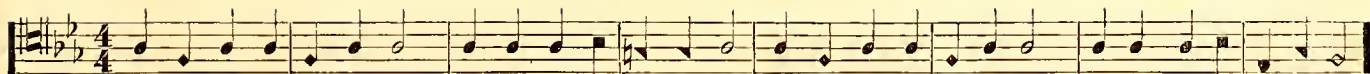
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low; Praise

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow;

Praise him a - hove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

him a - hove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Praise him a - hove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



1 Wide, ye heav'nly gates, un-fold, Closed no more by death and sin; Lo! the conquering Lord be-hold; Let the King of glo-ry in.



2 He who God's pure law fulfilled; Je-sus, the in-car-nate word; He whose truth with blood was sealed, He is heaven's all glorious Lord.

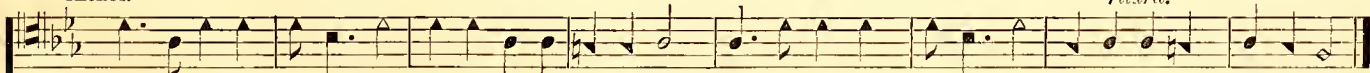


3 "Who shall up to that a-bode Fol-low in the Saviour's train?" They who in his cleansing blood Wash a-way each guilty stain.



4 They whose dai-ly ac-tions prove Steadfast faith and ho-ly fear, Fer-vent zeal and grateful love; They shall dwell for-ev-er here.

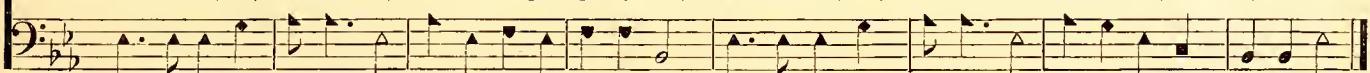
CHORUS.



Let him in; oh, let him in, Let the King of glo-ry in; Wel-come him, oh, welcome him: Blessed Lord, come in, come in.



Let him in; oh, let him in, Let the King of glo-ry in; Wel-come him, oh, welcome him: Blessed Lord, come in, come in.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

By per. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 Je - sns, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly While the rag - ing

2 O - ther ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on thee, Leave, oh, leave me

1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly While the rag - ing bil-lows

bil-lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of

not a-lone; Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I

roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide Till the storm of

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

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ritard.

life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.

life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh. re - ceive my soul at last.

EVELYN.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppressed, Where sorrowing sighs and tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis there the soul is freed from fears And doubts which here annoy; There they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more; The stream of end - less pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.

4 There pu - ri - ty with love ap - pears, And bliss with - out al - loy; There they who oft have sown in tears; Shall reap a - gain in joy.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

p *cres* - - - -

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

p *cres* - - - -

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us; Hear the pe - ti-tions we of - fer be - fore thee:

p *m* *cres.* *m* *cres.* *rit. p* *rit. pp*

Lead thou us, Lead thou us in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

Lead thou us, O Lord, Lead thou us; Lead us in-to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

p *m* *cres.* *m* *cres.* *rit. p* *rit. pp*

Lead thou us, O Lord, Lead thou us, O Lord, in - to thy truth, And hear our prayer, O Lord most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

Lead us in-to thy truth. And hear our prayer, O Lord, most High! Hear our prayer, Hear our prayer!

HOLY LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

169

Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God Al-migh-ty, Glo - ry he to thee; Heav'n and earth are full of thy glo-ry; Glo - ry be to God most high!

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in 4/4 time and key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words like 'Ho - ly' and 'Glo - ry' appearing on both staves.

Glory he to God most high! Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo - ry he to God most high! Glo - ry be to God most high, To God most high! A - men. A - men.

Glo-ry he to God most high! Glo-ry, Glo-ry, Glo - ry he to God most high! Glo - ry he to God most high, To God most high! A - men. A - men.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are repeated, with some variations in phrasing. The staves are in the same key and time signature as the first system.

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful! O God, be mer-ci-ful un-to me; For my soul trusteth in thee; O

Be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful, be mer-ci-ful! O God, be mer-ci-ful un-to me; For my soul trusteth in thee; O

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in F major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests.

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy

Lord, I trust in thee. Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings,

This system continues the musical score. It features two staves of music. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The bottom staff is in F major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests.

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL. Continued.

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First system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a soprano line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second staff is an alto line with a treble clef. The third staff is a tenor line with a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass line with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, The shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, The shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my Yea, in the shadow of thy wings, Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge. My heart is fixed, my".

Second system of musical notation. It consists of four staves. The first staff is a soprano line with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The second staff is an alto line with a treble clef. The third staff is a tenor line with a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass line with a bass clef. The lyrics are: "heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer. heart is fixed on thee, Is fixed on thee, O God; For thou art my strong De - liv' - rer.". The first staff has a *cres.* marking above it. The second staff has a *dim.* marking above it. The third staff has a *cres.* marking above it. The fourth staff has a *dim.* marking above it.

O GOD, BE MERCIFUL. Concluded.

m *f* *ff*
 A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men.
 A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men.
m *f* *ff*
 A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men. A - men. A - men. A - men.

ZION'S HILL. S. M.

JOHN A. SHOWALTER.

1 How beau-tous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal.
 2 How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet the tid-ings are! "Zi-on, be-hold thy Sa-viour King! He reigns and trinmphs here."
 3 How hap-py are our ears That hear this joy-ful sound, Which kings and prophets wait-ed for, And sought, but nev-er found

GO TO THY REST.

J. H. TENNEY.

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Slow and soft.

1 Go to thy rest in peace, And soft be thy re - pose; Thy toils are o'er, thy troubles cease; From earthly cares, in sweet re - lease,

2 Go to thy peace - ful rest; For thee we need not weep, Since then art now a - mong the blest; No more by sin and sor - row pressed,

3 Go to thy rest; and while Thy absence we de - plore, One thought our sor - row shall be - guile; For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile,

Thine eye - lids gen - tly close; From earthly cares in sweet re - lease, Thine eye - lids gen - tly close, gen - tly close.

But hushed in qui - et sleep; No more by sin and sor - row pressed, But hushed in qui - et sleep, qui - et sleep.

We meet to part no more; For soon, with a ce - les - tial smile, We meet to part no more, part no more.

OH, COME, LET US WORSHIP.

GEO. BAKER.

Oh, come, let us wor-ship, and bow down; Let us kneel . . . be-fore the Lord our Mak-er;

Oh, come, let us wor-ship, and bow down; Let us kneel be-fore the Lord, the Lord our Mak-er; Oh,

Oh, come, let us wor-ship, and bow down, Let us kneel be-fore the Lord our Mak-er, Oh,

Oh, come, let us wor-ship, and bow down; Let us kneel be-fore the Lord, the Lord our Mak-er;

And bow down, And bow down, Let us wor-ship,

come, let us wor-ship and bow down; Oh, come, let us wor-ship and bow down; Oh, come, . . . Oh,

And bow down, And bow down, Let us wor-ship,

OH, COME, LET US WORSHIP. • Concluded.

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Let us wor-ship, Let us wor-ship, and bow down; Oh, come, let us wor-ship and bow down; Let us come, . . . Oh, come, . . . and bow down; Oh, come, let us worship and bow down; Let us Let us worship, Let us worship, and bow down; Oh, come, let us worship, and bow down; Let us

kneel be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker; Bow down, bow down be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker. kneel be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker; Bow down, bow down be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker. kneel be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker; Bow down, bow down be-fore the Lord our Ma-ker.

Allegro.

Praise Je - ho - vah, Praise Je - ho - vah! Praise and bless his ho - ly name, Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For

he is good, and kind, and gra-cious: Ex-alt and mag-ni-fy his name, His ho - ly name, for-ev - er - more, for-

ev - er - more! The Lord is nigh to all his chil-dren; Bless-ed be the Lord, the Lord our God; From this time

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

forth For - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more! Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, The Lord our

Bless- ed be the Lord our

forth For - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more! Blessed be the Lord, Blessed be the Lord, The Lord our

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the melody from the first system, and the bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics continue across the staves, with a long dotted line in the middle of the second staff indicating a sustained note or a pause in the melody.

PRAISE JEHOVAH. Concluded.

God, the Lord our God, The Lord our God, The Lord our God! Praise and bless his ho - ly name; For he is good, and kind, and

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves end with a double bar line.

gra-cious; Bless the Lord and mag-ni-fy his ho - ly name for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more!

This system contains the next two staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment. Both staves end with a double bar line.

his name for - ev - er - more,

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE!

By per. J. H. TENNEY.

179

mf

Lo, my Shep-herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want when he is mine?

Lo, my Shep-herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want when he is mine?

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

m *mp*

Lo, my Shep-herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I

Lo, my Shep-herd is di-vine! How can I want when he is mine? How can I want,

m *mp*

Lo, my Shep-herd is di-vine How can I want when he is mine? How can I

Ped.

This system continues the musical score. It includes a mezzo (*m*) and mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are split across the staves. The bottom staff ends with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a fermata. The music is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE! Continued.

want, How can I want when he is mine? *p*
 When he is mine? How can I want when he is mine? *p* By the streams that wan - der slow,
 want, How can I want when he is mine?
 Through the meads where flow' - rets grow, He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-
 He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-
 Through the meads where flow' - rets grow, He lead - eth me; And there I rest in peace di-

LO. MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE. Concluded.

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vine - ly blest; di - vine - ly blest, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;

vine - ly blest; There rest in peace; In love and peace di - vine - ly blest,

vine - ly blest; di - vine - ly blest, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of note values and rests.

In love and peace di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

In love and peace di - vine - ly blest; In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of note values and rests. The lyrics are repeated in the second system.

THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND SONG.

By per. B. C. UNSELD.

The Lord is my Strength, is my Strength and Song, And is be - come my Sal - va - tion; The Lord is my Strength, is my

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The top staff is the soprano line, followed by the alto, then the tenor, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

Strength and Song, And is be - come my Sal - va - tion. This is the day the

This is the day, . . .

Strength and Song, And is be - come my Sal - va - tion. This is the day, this is the

This is the day the Lord hath

This system contains the second four staves of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

THE LORD IS MY STRENGTH AND SONG. Concluded.

183

Lord hath made, this is the day; . . . This is the day the Lord hath made: We will re-joice and be

This is the day . . . the Lord hath made; The day the Lord hath made: We will re-joice and be

day . . . the Lord hath made; The day the Lord hath made: We will re-joice and be

made, . . . this is the day the Lord hath made; This is the day the Lord hath made: We will re-joice and be

Adagio.

glad in it; We will re-joice and be glad in it; We will be glad in it.

glad in it; We will re-joice and be glad in it; We will be glad in it.

glad in it; We will re-joice and be glad in it; We will be glad in it.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD.*

J. H. ROSECRANS.

FINE.

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God! Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry to Is - rael's God!

A - wake, my tongue, thy tri - bute bring To him who gave thee power to sing.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD. Concluded.

185

TENOR OR TREBLE SOLO.

Praise him who is all praise a - hove; The Source of wis - dom

Praise him who is all praise a - hove, Praise him who is all praise a - bove; The Source of wis - dom and of love, The

Praise him who is all praise a - bove, Praise him who is all praise a - hove; The Source of wis - dom and of love, The

1st time. 2d time. D.C.

and of love. and of love.

Source of wis - dom and of love; Source of wis - dom and of love.

Source of wis - dom and of love; Source of wis - dom and of love.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

By per H. E. PALMER.

SOPRANO SOLO.

Who are these in bright ar-ray? Who are these in bright ar-ray? These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Who are these, Who are these? Who are these? These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Who are these? Who are these? Who are these? These are they who wash'd their robes in the

Faster.

blood of the Lamb, These are they, These are they. Therefore they stand be-fore the throne, cry-ing: Bless-ing, glo-ry,

blood of the Lamb, These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb; Therefore they stand he-fore the throne, cry-ing: Bless-ing, glo-ry,

blood of the Lamb, These are they who wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb; There-fore they stand he-fore the throne, cry-ing: Bless-ing, glo-ry,

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? Concluded.

187

a tempo.



wis-dom hon - or, Pow - er, and might he un - to God, ev - er, wor' with-out end. They shall hun - ger no more, neith - er
They shall walk by the streams of the

wis-dom, hon - or, Pow - er, and might be un - to God, ev - er, world with-on end. They shall hun - ger no more, neith - er
They shall walk by the streams of the



thirst an - y - more, For the Lamh up - on the throne shall feed them; For the Lamb up - on the throne shall lead them. lead them.
foun - tain of life, For the Lamh up - on the throne shall lead them; For the Lamb up - on the throne shall (omit.) lead them.

thirst an - y - more, For the Lamh up - on the throne shall feed them; For the Lamb up - on the throne shall lead them. lead them.
foun - tain of life, For the Lamh up - on the throne shall lead them; For the Lamb up - on the throne shall (omit.) lead them.

Repeat. pp

I WAS GLAD.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.

[illegible]

me, When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-

glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-

glad when they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-

me When they said un - to me, Let us go in - to the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-

in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem! O Je - ru - sa - lem! My feet shall stand with - in thy gates; O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -

in thy gates, O Je - ru - sa - lem! O Je - ru - sa - lem! My feet shall stand with - in thy gates; O Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -

This system contains two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

andante.

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peace, for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros-per that love thee,

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros-per that love thee

ru - sa - lem! Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem! They shall pros-per that love thee.

that love thee

This system continues the musical piece with a tempo marking of 'andante.' It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in one sharp key signature. The lyrics are more spread out due to the slower tempo. The music includes longer note values and some rests. The lyrics 'that love thee' are repeated at the end of the system.

I WAS GLAD. Concluded.

Allegro.

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, be within thy walls; And pros-per - i - ty, pros-

Peace he within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace he within thy walls; And pros-per - i - ty, pros-

Peace be within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls, Peace And pros-per - i - ty, pros-

Peace he within thy walls, Peace be within thy walls. And pros-per - i - ty pros-

per - i - ty with-in thy pal-a-ces; Pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with-in thy pal-a-ces. A - men. A - men.

per - i - ty with-in thy pal-a-ces; Pros-per - i - ty, pros-per - i - ty with-in thy pal-a-ces. A - men. A - men.

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